

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

In this and subsequent issues MACK, who is at present travelling through the West and out to the Coast, will contribute articles to this page from points en route. He will make it a point to learn what he can about the newcomers in newer Canada, and will inquire as to how these are fitting into the scheme of things.

WINNIPEG, AUG., '07.

ON every railroad train that pulls out of Toronto or any other city there is always at least one man who is troubled with the fidgets. He cannot remain long in one seat, nor in one car—he walks through and back, bumping into seated passengers and apologizing. Presently he squares himself away in a seat to read a book, but you know very well that within five minutes he will change his mind and go into the smoking compartment to puff a cigar. Here he will have to re-light his weed every two minutes, for he forgets to keep it going. The trouble with the fidgety passenger is that he is not accustomed to travel and is so anxious to enjoy his journey that he does not know where or how to begin.

The Grey Man seemed to be the fidgety passenger on the steamboat express that left Toronto for Owen Sound on July 27 to connect with the steamer Manitoba for Port Arthur and Fort William. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, wore a neat grey suit, had grey eyes and few shots of grey hair on his temples. As he appeared to be incapable of remaining in one place, I had identified him as "the fidgety passenger," and so was not greatly surprised when he came to me where I was sitting with my wife and asked me if I would be one of four to have a game of cards for half an hour to pass away the time and break the dullness of the journey. I did not want to play cards any more than I wanted to pitch quoits, but said that if he could not get up a game without me I would play a couple of games of euchre or pedro. In a few minutes he returned, beaming, to say that it would be all right, as he had secured three others and they were going to play whist in the private room of the next car. This let me out, but a few minutes later he returned, apologetic, and explained that one of the others didn't care to play, and would I come in and have a couple of games of euchre. We entered the room and closed the door. The Grey Man told me his name, asked me mine, told the other two men his name and mine, asked them theirs—we were all total strangers to each other. But the game was the thing and names did not really matter. Just as we were about to be seated an odd thing happened. The Grey Man and the wealthy American tourist, without exchanging words, exchanged seats, so that the former became my partner. For total strangers to thus read each other's thoughts surprised me and I looked the three men over. They were all of about the same age, and all handled their cards in precisely the same way—which you seldom see three men do, for there are a thousand different mannerisms in shuffling, dealing, cutting and holding cards. Then I asked myself if it could be possible that these people were fleecers who, after going through the long trainload of people, had selected me as the woolliest little lamb on board! It was humiliating, and yet on reflection there proved to be something pleasing in it, too, for it meant that twenty years of journalism had not robbed my countenance of its look of boyish inexperience and village innocence.

When my side had scored the winning point in the first game, I was becoming ashamed of my suspicions and was telling myself that these men were probably quite decent fellows when the wealthy American opposite stumped the stout manufacturer beside me to make a bet on the poker hands they respectively held at the moment. Betting on a poker hand was not in the manufacturer's line, it seemed but hang it all, just for luck and the honor of the flag he would take the American on for the cigars, and he leaned to me confidentially and showed me three nines. "Make it a box of cigars," said the affluent tourist. "No, but I'll go you a small bottle of wine," said the other, "or two dollars, the price of a small bottle" and he threw a five dollar bill on the board and asked for the change. The affluent tourist, despising change and saying he had none, threw a five down and said to let it stand as an even bet of five dollars, which they did. The affluent tourist had better than three nines and gathered in the two bills. During this play the Grey Man looked on disapprovingly, with the air of a man who was not sure that he could countenance this kind of thing, but as I smiled encouragingly he seemed to decide that he was in a minority and would make no protest. There was a new deal and I told myself that I was now about to receive a real nice poker hand, so I let the five cards pile up as they arrived, and took them up one at a time. The first was an ace, the second was an ace the third was an ace, the fourth was a king, and I knew what the fifth would be before I lifted it—it was another king. "By George," exclaimed the affluent American to the stout manufacturer, "I'll give you a chance to get back at me—I'll back my poker hand against yours." "Not this time," was the reply. There was a silence, but I did not break it. "Let me draw one card," said the Grey Man, "and I'll take you on." "No, no, we're playing euchre; this is just a little fun on the side—I'll back my hand as it is against any hand at the table." Again that silence. Then the fat manufacturer leaned over confidentially to see my hand and advise me. "What have you got?" he asked. "Me!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I have three aces and two kings, but I never bet on cards under any circumstances." There was a silence, almost a mantle of gloom over the proceedings, and I began wondering how long the euchre game would last. It did not last long. In two more deals the second game ended, and the fat manufacturer jumped up, apologizing

for breaking up the party, but saying that his people would be wondering where he was. We all withdrew, expressing our regret that so pleasant a game could not be continued. Two of them said they were going up on the boat to Fort William. But they were not on board. Almost the first thing I learned on meeting the officers of the steamer Manitoba was that a passenger on the steamboat express had been done out of twenty-five dollars by three men who had got him into a card game. They had tried to work others. It was rumored that one man who sat into a game "to pass the time away" passed over his watch before he had done. The story goes that this man had what is called a straight flush but was beaten by five queens.

This travel incident is related because it may be worth something to somebody else when journeying on trains. Almost anybody who can play cards will consent to fill out a hand at whist, bridge or euchre, but a man is always foolish who will be drawn into making bets when at cards with three strangers. The story needs telling too, because

this Canada has done enough, for there would be economic waste in having a locking system duplicated, with double the capacity called for by the shipping. People talk about what might happen in time of war, but such talk is idle folly, for a man needs but stand on the deck of a boat in the locks, with the Michigan Soo on one side and the Ontario Soo on the other, within revolver shot of each other, to realize that in time of war all these locks would be smashed in a day, or all would be rendered safe under truce. The impossibility of war now or ever between these two countries no matter what conflict might arise, impresses you nowhere else as it does at the Soo, unless it be the point where Detroit and Windsor grow into one with only a ribbon of water dividing them. Between the two Soos ferries ply across a stream narrower than that between Toronto and the Island. Looking from the deck of the Manitoba as she passed through the locks on Sunday afternoon one could see here and there a man or a couple of boys, or a father and his son, using fishing rods

advantage to group the two towns under a title that belongs to St. Paul and Minneapolis and is recognized all over the continent as belonging to those cities. Port Arthur and Fort William are attaining an importance of their own second to that of no other pair of cities—they stand in a more important relation to the shipping and railway traffic of the continent than do the American Twin Cities, and they should play second fiddle to nobody. They need a title that will suggest the proximity in which the two towns lie; they do not need it for local but for continental use, and they cannot have anything more than local use of the name "Twin Cities," for it belongs elsewhere. It will be deemed good business after a while to adopt a new, distinctive descriptive title such as "the Two Cities" or "the Double City." On the train between Fort William and Winnipeg a fellow-passenger was telling me many things about the west. "The best street car service I have seen anywhere," he said, after a pause, "is in the Twin Cities." This struck me as high praise indeed for the municipally owned and operated service of Port Arthur and Fort William, which I had that day been shown over by the quiet and shrewd manager Mr. McCauley. But my fellow-passenger was not thinking of "the Double City" we had just left, but of "the Twin Cities." They have got the title enched. It is theirs—let 'em have it.

At the last session of the Legislature when the people of these two towns were presenting rival arguments to the members, everybody was saying that it was a pity the two places did not unite as one municipality. A benevolent Legislature attempted to bring about—even tried to force—a marriage. But these towns know what they are doing. Two rival deputations can kick up about ten times as much fuss in the Legislature as one could do. More than that, two towns racing neck and neck for supremacy will make greater joint speed, than if they were tied together with nothing that either could win over the other. Union there will be some day, no doubt—the business of the two places is inter-weaving every day—but in the meantime it is just as well to have rival cities at each end of the harbor boosting the whole area into activity. In Toronto it is the habit to say that there are four miles of swamp between Port Arthur and Fort William, but great cities have been erected on poorer foundations than this flat low land in question.

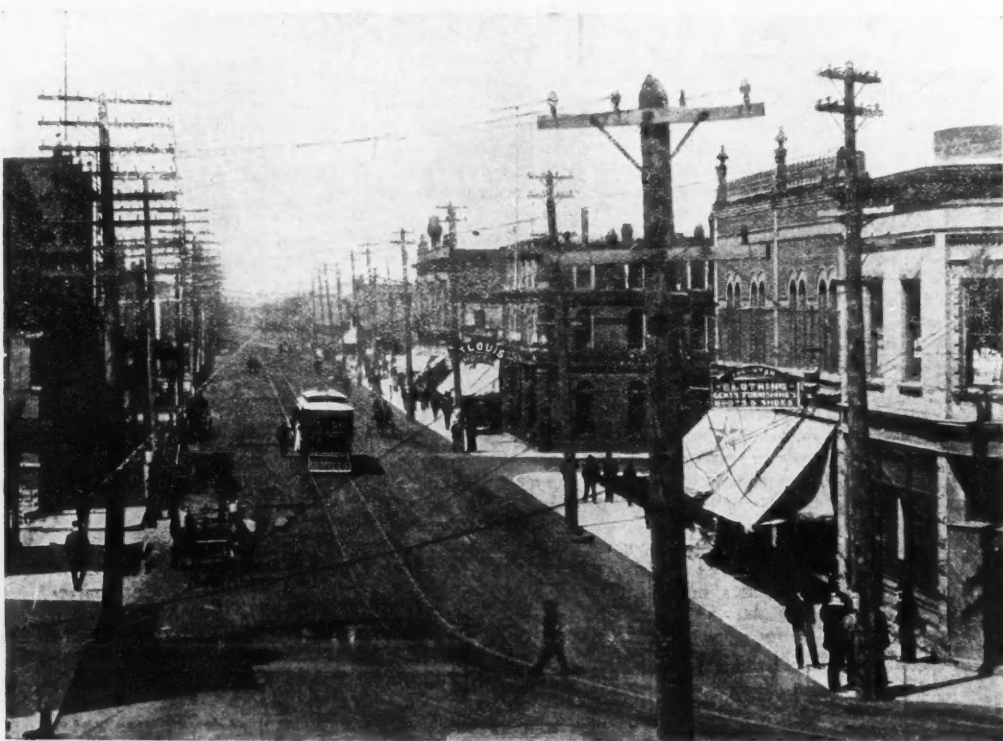
These young cities occupy a point of importance in the traffic of Canada. One can scarcely appreciate this until he sees the evidence of it right on the spot. The C.P.R., the C.N.R. and G.T.P., the three transcontinental lines, are here, have got to be here, can do their business nowhere else. Before these young cities lies all the navigation of the great lakes; behind these young cities lies all the land traffic originating in the vast west. It is not surprising that the citizens of these towns are radiant with optimism, and speak with pride of what the past six years have seen in the way of growth, and tell glowingly of what the next six years may be expected to do. The C.P.R. runs three passenger boats weekly between the two cities and Owen Sound, and half a dozen years ago found it a discouraging business. For three years past these boats have been crowded, and it is understood that next season new vessels will be put on and a daily service established. Port Arthur and Fort William are all right. They occupy a fine strategic point. They will grow into a great shipping and manufacturing centre.

MACK.

THE householders of England are in a great state of agitation. The existing British Government, from its first day in office, has been tremendously busy rolling up its sleeves, as it were, and going through motions ostensibly preparatory to smashing every old tradition, social and constitutional, within its reach. It has startled England by a terrific denunciation of the House of Lords as an intolerable nuisance. But it has lately gone farther than to threaten to do things. It has passed the Workmen's Compensation Act, and it is on account of this that the householders of the country are in a panic. As nearly as it can be interpreted, and put into newspaper English, it provides that when an employed person suffers injury by accident his employer shall pay him compensation, according to a schedule—an employer meaning anybody who employs anybody. Persons whose remuneration is more than \$1,250 a year and who are not engaged in manual labor, and those employed "casually," are excluded from the benefits of the act.

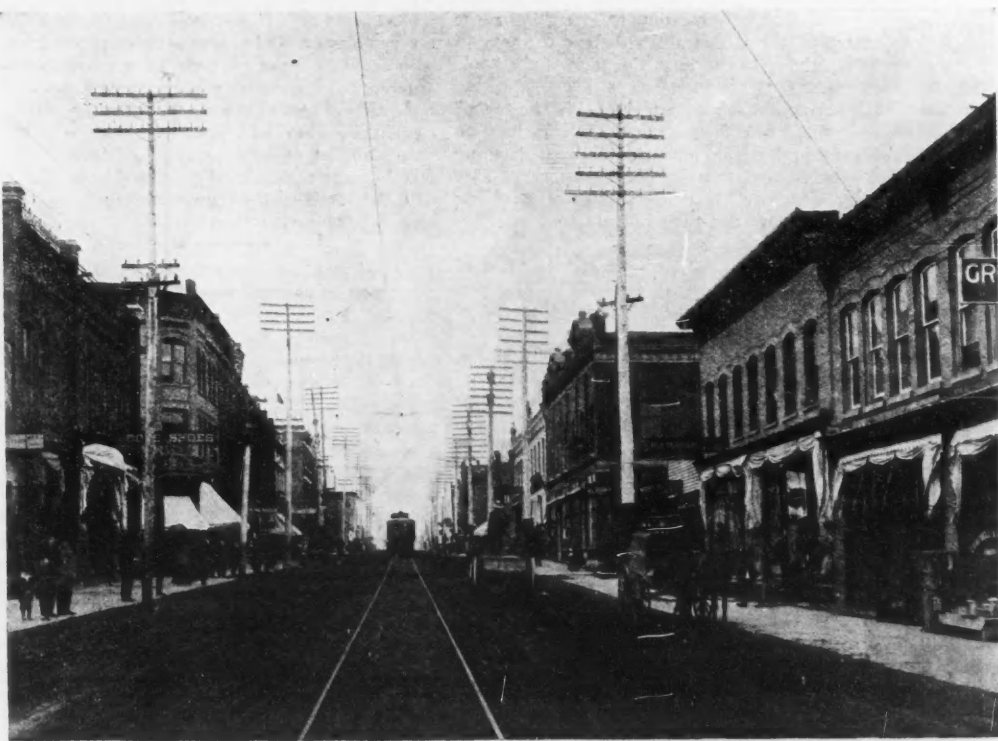
The reason that the new measure is causing such widespread anxiety and perturbation is that it affects everyone who employs a household servant. If a butler, footman, coachman, groom, page boy, housekeeper, nurse, governess, cook, or maid, is injured by accident the householder is liable for compensation. If the servant dies, leaving dependents, the compensation is fixed at not less than \$750 and not more than \$1,500. If he is totally disabled a life annuity may be demanded. The insurance companies are doing a rushing business, as people are making haste to insure their servants against accident. A great deal of apprehension exists, too, because it does not appear to be plain just what an accident may be, in the meaning of the act. So at the present moment thousands of women in England are going about their homes fearful that at any moment a scream from the regions below may announce the fact that Mary Ann has put herself on the compensation list by doing herself bodily injury while eating her dinner with her knife or that Jimmie has tumbled and broken not only some of the family china, but some of her own anatomy.

Some of the opponents of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry say that the Workmen's Compensation Act is an unworkable piece of legislation, and insinuate that it



VICTORIA AVENUE, FORT WILLIAM.

A fine street, but the picture shows it with the usual Canadian disfigurement of unsightly poles. The work of getting wires under ground is going on, however.  
(Cuts from W. G. MacFarlane.)



CUMBERLAND STREET, PORT ARTHUR.

One of the best business streets of the city. Port Arthur, unlike Fort William and Winnipeg, which are built on the level, has a fine hilly residential district overlooking the harbor.

the three men look as if they had had an exceedingly prosperous summer.

Yet, reason the matter out with myself as I may, it is rather galling to think that in a whole trainload of people, I was hand-picked as about the likeliest looking greenhorn of the lot!

THE average Canadian is under the impression that the Canadian locks at the Soo are away ahead of the American. But it is our patriotism that makes us talk so. The Canadian lock is 900 feet long and 60 feet wide, so that it is of greater length, but the American lock is a double one, so that one string of vessels may be going up and another down at the same time. Not only so, but our neighbors are at present building, west of the old locks, a new system, giving a lock 1,300 feet long and 120 feet wide which will make our canal look like a toy. These canals are now free to all shipping which is a good thing, and was brought about by competition. Perhaps in doing

wherever there promised to be good fishing on the Michigan shore. On the Ontario side not a fishing rod was to be seen. It may only have so chanced at the moment, but on the Michigan side four excursion boats were in motion, while on the Ontario side none could be seen. No doubt the ferries call at both ports, but I speak of it as it was. However, on the Ontario side four young men were seen in bathing suits diving off a spring board—three of them doing it rather badly. Either the new Lord's Day Act does not forbid diving on Sunday or the law is being defied at the Soo. One wonders a little that the spring-board is allowed. One can bathe without it. Clearly it is not a necessity, but is introduced for pleasure. No doubt it will have to go.

SOME of these days Port Arthur and Fort William will decide to quit calling themselves "the Twin Cities." It was all right when these places were small, and it was all right as a local pet-name, but it no longer can be an



is, like the demonstration against the House of Lords, only a piece of gallery play on the part of the Government, to win sympathy for itself as a government for "the people." They say that Sir Henry doth protest too much, making his prospective achievements in the direction of up-lifting the downtrodden masses of England look more like election appeals than anything else. To most people, however, the British Prime Minister seems to be serious enough.

Whatever the merits or demerits of the Workmen's Compensation Act may be, it looks, from a Canadian standpoint, to be a piece of class legislation that reaches to unnecessary lengths. In this country we believe that all the people, rich and poor, employers or employed, should stand on common ground, in the matter of moral and legal responsibility. We recognize that the employer is, broadly speaking, responsible for the comfort and safety of his employees, but we believe also that in this country every man should be able to take reasonable care of himself and should feel himself personally accountable for his own acts. If Canada is to become a great country—if, becoming populous and wealthy, she is to retain her present high standard of citizenship—her greatness will be based on the principle of individual equality and individual responsibility.

**DISCUSSION** of the problem of doing away with the level railway crossings in Toronto does not appear to be profitable. For years the press of the city has urged that the matter be grappled with and disposed of; and an increasing number of fatalities and a vastly increased amount of inconvenience and injustice to the public impress upon all the necessity of a prompt solution of this question. The matter has been allowed to rest so long, however, that now, when there seems a prospect of definite action being taken, the general public, disgusted with delays and little given to analyzing big schemes, seem to assume an attitude which says: "We have had enough of talk; if you are going to do anything at all, do it somehow and do it quick." As a matter of fact the only way to settle this question is to settle it now for all time to come. The city is growing rapidly, and every possibility of the future should be considered. It will be remembered that when the present Union Station was built, not so long ago, we thought it a fine affair, but now it is a joke. The future requirements of the railway companies cannot be figured by to-day's traffic or by the shunting space now used on the Esplanade.

City Engineer Rust recommends the building of five bridges from Yonge street to Parliament street. Two engineers employed by the Board of Trade, Messrs. Moyes and Berrian, advise the construction of a four-track viaduct, sixteen feet high, to run from Bathurst street to Cherry street, near the Don. In the City Council both these proposed plans find supporters. Both have advantages and disadvantages. In arriving at a decision in this most important matter, the civic authorities should keep one point always in mind—it will never be settled until it is settled right. The question of cost is a secondary consideration.

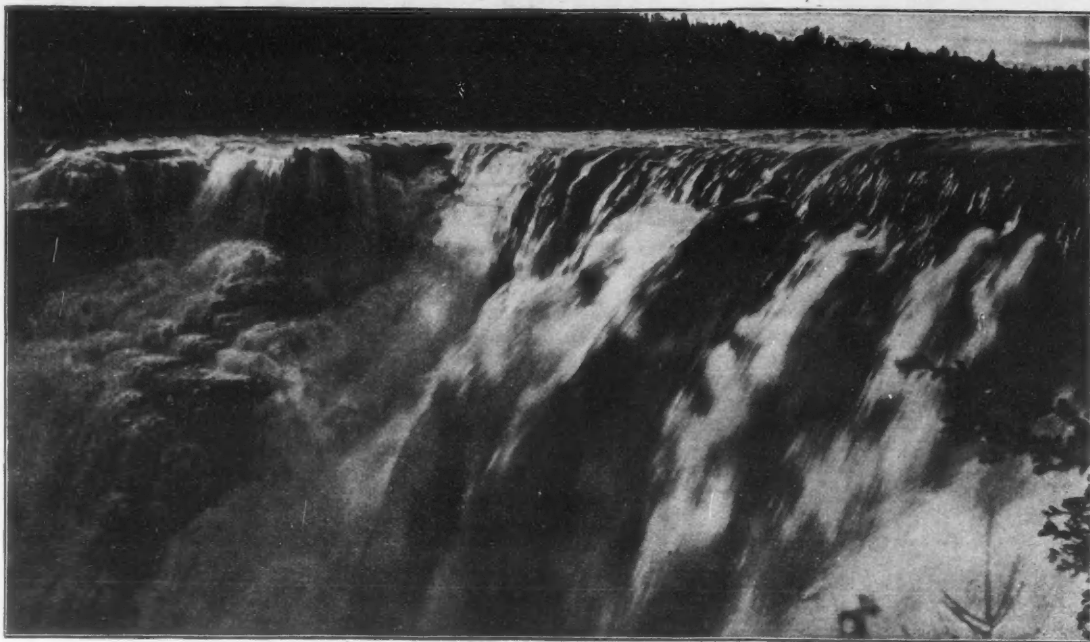
A WOMAN who says her name is Etta Strangway, and who admits that she is the adventuress who calling herself Miss Eva Fox-Strangway, recently beguiled and swindled a large number of people in New York and Philadelphia, was arrested in Toronto on Sunday last. The outline of her life-history which she gave to the police is an old story retold. Cultivating a smooth manner she set out to live by her wits. She posed as an Englishwoman of birth, and succeeded in playing upon the credulity of people of wealth and worldly knowledge in various cities in America and elsewhere. It is said that several years ago she became the fiancée of an Australian millionaire, who sent her to Montreal to look after his son who was attending McGill University; and that for a time she remained at the Place Viger hotel with four maids in her service and \$2,500 a month at her disposal. Miss Strangway, however, failed to land the millionaire, who, to speak in the language of the street which seems appropriate in this connection, "got wise" and broke with her. She subsequently found her way to New York and other American cities, where her blandishments found financial credit and social recognition for her. Now evidently she has played out her little drama. And it is the same old drama that is so often played—the scenes vary, but the end is always the same.

"Adventuress" is one of the bravest words in our language; "adventuress" is one of the most ugly. And here we have summed up the whole difference between the sexes. There are some roads which a man may take with safety, but which a woman cannot travel unscathed. It is not in the province of a woman to adventure. To men honest adventuring has brought fame and honor; and even the dishonest adventurer often flourishes like the green bay tree. But to women, honest adventure is always without reward, and dishonest adventure always means defeat and shame and hopelessness. And not even the ungentle, unsexed woman, who claims that men and women are equal in all things, can deny that it is well that this is so.

MR. HENRI BOURASSA, M.P., attempted to address a meeting in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's constituency in Quebec on Monday night, and a lively time ensued. Mr. Bourassa was accompanied by Mr. Armand Lavergne and others, and it was their purpose to speak from a platform erected on the Jacques Cartier market square, St. Roche. An immense crowd assembled and Mr. Bourassa and his friends were jeered at and pelted with stones and other missiles. Speech-making was out of the question, the meeting was broken up, and the square was a scene of extraordinary disorder for some time.

THE other day a lady walked into a bookstore in Montreal and asked one of the girls in charge: "Have you 'Pickwick Papers'?"

"Well," replied the assistant who had only been a few days at her work, "I really don't know, ma'am. We have the Eaton-Hurlbut papers and the Marcus Ward papers; but I don't think we have the Pickwick papers!"



KAKABEKA FALLS.

The beautiful fall of the Kaministiquia River, near Fort William, a source of cheap and abundant electric energy.

### What is This "Canadian Royal Art Union"?

TRUTH is in receipt of an envelope postmarked "Fort Erie, Canada," in which was enclosed the following described circular which vouches for the innocent intentions of the famous "Kentucky Lottery," which is known throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada as being the "vampire which sucks at the vitals of the poor." Under the stamp that it is legalized by the Canadian government the circular, a neatly arranged calendar and stamp book, was sent out which is evidently intended for "private circulation," as the following description will show.

On the inside front cover is a list of the prices: "Whole, \$1.00; half, 50 cents; quarter, 25 cents. The Kentucky Company decided by the Canadian Royal Art Union." On the second page is the following: "Notice, distributions take place in public semi-monthly at Princess and Archangel streets, Fort Erie Ontario, Canada. Supervised by Sworn Commissioners." The communication does not state whether or not this latter assertion means that the operators are sworn to secrecy as to their method of doing business, but it is possible that if called to account this interpretation might be put on the meaning.

On the next page is the following startling announcement: "Speaks For Itself! The Kentucky Company has, for over fifty years, conducted business under various franchises granted by the states of Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Georgia and Kentucky, and now operate their business in the single number by the distributions of The Canadian Royal Art Union which takes place semi-monthly at Fort Erie, Canada."

Beginning with the month of February, 1907, a calendar of the days of the year are shown and opposite the dates are shown, in red letters, the dates of the semi-monthly drawings. Two pages of what might be "private information" have been skillfully removed from the book, which shows that the bravado of the sender weakened somewhat before he hurled his challenge at Truth.

The Canadian Royal Art Union, which pretends an edifying purpose—that of educating children along the lines of beauty—is laid bare in all the hollow mockery of the "system" by the information in the back of the book. Under the heading, "Percentage in Poker Plays, the chances of bettering one's hand are shown by the table." Then follows, what has evidently meant the life-study on the part of some professional gambler, the most damning information about the mysteries of hands of poker. That the "Kentucky Company" is an international gambling syndicate working under the guise of innocency is sufficiently set forth in the little book.

On the last two pages of the book are given a "List of Coupons," and the information as follows: "Take Notice! Coupons will not hold good if mutilated, pieced or in any way altered or cancelled."

List of Coupons: One coupon at \$15,000, \$4,000, \$2,000, \$1,000; two \$500; five \$200; twenty-five \$60; one hundred \$40; two hundred \$20; three hundred \$12; five hundred \$8. Approximations, one hundred at \$20; one hundred at \$12; one hundred at \$8. Terminals, 999 at \$4 and 999 at \$4. Total 3,434 coupons, amounting to \$53,092.

As stated above the syndicate "now operate their business in the single number," which would make it appear that the above great amount was distributed throughout the year to those who held the lucky number, and that these generous sums are distributed from Fort Erie.

### British Publications in Canada.

MR. R. BICKERSTETH, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons, Limited, wholesale news agents has returned to London after a business trip to Canada. To a representative of Canada, who met him in London shortly after his arrival, he stated that the reduction in the postal rate on periodicals to Canada, combined with the increase of rate from the United States to the Dominion, would certainly prove a decided benefit to British publishers.

"When I left England for Canada," continued Mr. Bickersteth, "a boom in English periodicals was anticipated, but that boom has not been realized. It will take about two years to get the Canadian reading public accustomed to the new order of things, but I found during my stay in Canada much active appreciation of our efforts to introduce the leading British weekly and monthly publications to the notice of the public there. The 'Yankee' magazine man has been so ubiquitous that the British magazine is not yet known, and the London publisher must exert himself. The best means is to mail to selected addresses specimen copies, and after that I, for one, believe the British production will hold its own on the ground of sheer merit."

"I opened up a branch office in Toronto for my firm and we are compiling a catalogue of fifty of the chief periodicals of the United Kingdom, with a short description of each written by the editors of these respective publications. This catalogue we shall distribute to the

trade throughout the whole of the Dominion, and it should do much good in making Canadian readers acquainted with good class English reading matter."

"Is the reduction in rate from England to Canada being taken advantage of to any great extent?"

"It is, of course, being taken advantage of, but there is one point which has delayed somewhat the full use of its undoubted convenience. The single penny paper still costs a dollar a year for the copy, and a second dollar for the postage; it will take a few months for the public to grasp the fact that, as the penny stamp carries up to a pound weight, four or five other papers can be despatched free in the same parcel. During a conversation with a prominent post office official in Ottawa, I learned that the Canadian post authorities wish to bulk up all the separate papers in a mail bag and charge at the rate of a penny poundage on the whole. If the British post office agreed to this, a reduction in the case of a penny paper from \$2 to \$1.40 would at once result."

"One point I soon grasped was that the Canadian merchant and manufacturer buys every technical and trade paper he can lay his hands on. A piano manufacturer said to me: 'If I get one good idea a year, it is cheap.' In this way British advertisers will get their brands introduced if the publishers will only push the distribution."

DR. JOHN ADAMS, a distinguished English educator, believes that separate schools and different courses of study should be provided for boys and girls. Women's rights advocates he declares, found their campaign upon a wrong premise when they argue that men and women are equal and alike. "There is a difference between the powers of endurance of a boy and a girl," said Professor Adams in a recent lecture, "and between a man and a woman. There is a difference in the strain they can undergo as students. I have noted this frequently in my work as a teacher during the last score of years." Professor Adams might have added, says The Argonaut of San Francisco, that men and women have different kinds of work to do in the world and therefore have need of different kinds of preparation for life. A boy who is to be a blacksmith or a farmer or a carpenter or a doctor needs a very different kind of mental development from a woman who is to be none of these things but something very different. This probably is too large a lump of common sense to be digested at one sitting by the world of educationalism. They will, however, come to it in time. In time also, let us hope, society will come to understand that its policies of education should be made not in accord with the ideals of the school-teaching trade, but with the main idea of preparation for life.

FROM England comes the report of a case that has interest in connection with trust and corporation prosecutions. Nearly a year ago an unsuccessful attempt was made to combine the soap manufacturers. Prominent among the promoters of this scheme was William Hesketh Lever, a member of Parliament. The Harmsworth newspapers—The Mail and The Evening News—actively opposed the merger and incidentally said some harsh things about Lever, who brought suit for libel. After a hearing that lasted for two days the defendants suddenly agreed to pay the damages demanded, amounting to \$250,000, and judgment for this sum was entered against them. The judgment is interesting as being for the largest sum ever awarded for libel in England. The Mail, however, shows no contrition, and editorially glories in having, from a sense of public duty, struggled against "what we regard as trust methods in this country." The admission of judgment, in fact is not an admission of error in opposing the merger, but of ill-advised remarks incidental to that opposition. It is said that the Harmsworth papers alleged that Lever Brothers adulterated their soap and gave only fifteen ounces to the pound, that the abandonment of the trust scheme was fraudulent, and that the Levers were continuing their efforts to form a combine.



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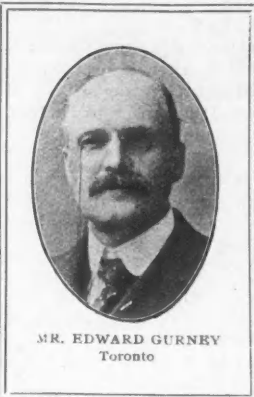
Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

He—So they got married and went off in their new motor car. She—And where did they spend their honeymoon? He—In the hospital.—Tit-Bits.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. EDWARD GURNEY  
Toronto

MONTREAL, AUG. 8, 1907.  
TO those acquainted with the ins and outs of matters on the "Street" the dissolution of the firm of L. J. Forget & Co. created no surprise. That there had been disagreements between the two partners, Hon. L. J. Forget and his nephew, Rudolph Forget, was a matter of everyday gossip. Buoyant, assertive and not at all times cautious, the junior member of the firm has at different periods run counter to the ideas of the Senator, who is as different in temperament as day is from night. As a firm the name of Forget has become a power in the land, and there are few if any houses in Canada that can look back upon more successful financial deals. To their creative instinct the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company owes its existence. It was the Forgets who reorganized the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company and made it a going concern. They are also mainly responsible for the present Montreal street railway. And so it goes—deals and reorganizations, great and small, have under their hands been uniformly successful. Starting without any great amount of capital both the Forgets have accumulated large fortunes. As a firm these two individuals were well suited to each other. Mr. Rudolph Forget lent the sail power and the Senator the ballast. To the casual observer they seemed necessary to one another. The Forgets have for years occupied a position as the foremost brokerage house in Canada, and their clients have been among the most wealthy and influential. The career of Mr. R. Forget will now be looked to with unusual interest. With a wonderfully active brain and a gift of seeing as far through a mill stone as his neighbor; with energy plus, and with capital behind him, the younger Mr. Forget can, if he is so minded, lead the "Street" a merry dance. When he comes on the floor of the Montreal Stock Exchange there will be business—he is not the sort of a man to sit still and wait for it to come to him. For some years past, until the firm retired from active trading, the Forgets practically created the market, and the remainder of the brokers followed along in their wake. However, the other brokers are hardly to be blamed for their attitude, for the Forgets were always in the position of knowing just what was going to happen in most of the leading Canadian stocks.

The doings of Eva Fox-Strangway, or whatever this fair adventuress's name may be, have created *Miss Strangway* many a quiet laugh in Montreal. It appears that the lady, who is endowed with a large amount of good looks, a "manner" and a delightful English accent, came to Montreal with a letter of introduction to Sir William Van Horne, and upon presenting the same received from that gentleman another letter which Miss Eva utilized with excellent effect during her stay in this city. Making her headquarters at the Place Viger hotel, she found Sir William's letter of introduction to be a veritable gold mine. In this C. P. R. hostelry everything she wanted was hers for the asking, and it was not until she had run up a bill of something like a thousand dollars that a halt was called, and she was summarily told to pay up or quit the place without loss of time. Of course she quit, and now she has gone Philadelphia ward to pay for her sins.

Speaking of Sir William reminds one of the Steel-Coal trial which is now on at Sydney. While the newspapers have given this trial a vast deal of space the testimony of Sir William Van Horne was about the only bit of evidence that created any great interest. The bad feeling which has long existed between Sir William and Mr. James Ross was brought out clearly in the evidence of the former. The quiet, shrewd little Scotchman who heads the Dominion Coal Company evidently played ducks and drakes with Sir William in some deal, the particulars of which have not been given to the public, and the doughty knight of the C. P. R. has got it in for him.

So far this year the tourist traffic has proven a frost. Ordinarily during July and August Montreal is practically overrun with Americans. They stop at the hotels, buy things in the shops, eat in the restaurants, drink in the saloons, and travel on the railways and steamboats. For years past the experience of the hotels has been that they could scarcely accommodate the rush during midsummer. So great has been the strain upon the hotels in the past that they have given up the idea of attempting to entertain large parties, such for instance as conventions. This season, however, they would be very glad indeed to get a few such bodies, for the houses are half empty. As to the causes! First of all Montreal has gradually obtained, slowly but surely, a very bad reputation for lacking first-class hotels, houses such as the best class of New Yorkers, for instance, are accustomed to patronize. The hotel men, on the other hand, lay the blame on the transportation companies, stating that the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company are the chief offenders; claiming that this venerable navigation company is deteriorating. In any event the strangers have not come within our precincts and Montreal, taken as a whole, is out a million or so in cold cash; for it is estimated that the summer trade here is worth something like two millions, and now it has come down to a fifty per cent. basis.

THERE is a good deal of uncertainty and unrest prevailing at present in money circles. This is by no means a pleasant condition of affairs. The stringency in money is beginning to be felt in business. The wholesome readjustment which began last winter in the stock market is now beginning in commodities; and a moderate decline in prices of leading staples, while it might lessen profits, would only bring them to a safer level. The practical exhaustion of floating capital must necessarily enforce retrenchment in new enterprises, enlargements and improvements, and in this way relief will eventually come. The liquidation in stocks has helped general trade considerably, but it has not been sufficient.

The tension of the money market is as great now as at any time, and within the week local brokers have again been requested to take up their loans.

While bank loans on stock collateral in Canada are now \$6,250,000 less than a year ago, the loans backed by merchandise are \$83,000,000 greater. In this way the liquid assets have gone to swell the volume of fixed assets of our banks. Many of these commercial borrowers find themselves unable to pay, and thus the situation is aggravated. According to the last statement of our banks, their business outside Canada, and chiefly in the United States, has been curtailed to the extent of over \$8,000,000 within the past twelve months. In that time, the commercial loans of Canadian banks outside this country have decreased from \$33,159,000 to \$23,388,000, or nearly \$10,000,000, while call loans on securities have increased from \$51,157,000 to \$55,298,000, or over \$2,000,000. The call loans made by our banks in Canada, are, however, smaller by nearly \$5,500,000 than those made by the same banks outside Canada. The balances due our banks by agents or agencies outside Canada and the United Kingdom, amount to \$14,771,000, which is only half a million less than a year ago.

Our bankers, up till within a few months ago, were altogether too lavish in the dispensation of credit, and it will now require careful handling to avoid disaster which a too rapid liquidation in loans would bring about.

The local security market has been inactive during the week, with prices in many cases on a lower level. The complicated money situation is the chief deterrent to speculation, and a relaxation of business seems to be the only hope of bankers. It is fortunate that conservatism prevails in banking circles, and that every effort is being made to prevent over expansion. The fact remains, however, that the demand for legitimate purposes bids fair to absorb surplus funds, leaving little for speculative purposes. This market has become almost solely an investment one, and the lots changing hands are much smaller than usual. The "calling" of loans is still reported. One bank has notified brokers to take up their loans in September, and another one wants them taken up by the 1st of October. The bulk of the issues listed are cheap, and offer inducements to capitalists. First-class securities that will net the investor 5 to 6 per cent. are plentiful, and it is a long time since such opportunities offered.

With generally favorable weather throughout July it is now thought that the spring crops have not done as well as expected. In Canada, the United States and Europe, the wheat crops are likely to be 550,000,000 bushels less than in 1906, or a decrease of over 18 per cent. in the world's production. There will also be quite a shrinkage in oats and corn on this continent. Naturally high prices are expected, and the speculators look forward with interest to the monthly grain report of the United States on Saturday. Present supplies of wheat in the west are much greater than a year ago, which tends to keep prices down. But, it must be remembered, the condition of the money market will have its effect on prices. The grain dealers and warehouse men will not be able to hold wheat this fall and winter as they have been able to do in previous years. Bankers will insist upon them selling. This no doubt will be the most bearish feature in the situation.

The report is current in financial circles that, notwithstanding the tightness of the money market, G. T. P. the Grand Trunk Pacific will very shortly float a new issue of bonds to provide for the construction of the mountain section. So far as can be ascertained the officials are not aware of any immediate steps of that character being in contemplation, but some well-informed authorities say the matter is engaging the consideration of the management. A pamphlet which has been issued by the secretary of the G. T. P., Mr. Henry Phillips, states that from surveys that have been made the cost of the railway is estimated, for the prairie section, to be from \$20,000 to \$25,000 per mile, and for the mountain section from \$50,000 to \$60,000 per mile. The figure for the eastern division is put down at \$30,000 per mile, which would represent a total cost for the main line of \$125,000,000.

The Electrical Development and Toronto Electric Light people do not seem to be worrying much about their projects. It seems to be up to *After Brit-* Premier Whitney and Mr. Beck to make good. The former is now in London, trying, it is said, to raise money for the Provincial project, in which the last named gentleman was so unsuccessful. British capital is shy, especially in so far as to enter into competition with companies which have franchises from the province and municipalities, and which have been carried to a successful issue. The question of expropriation of the properties of these companies is so uncertain under the conditions of their charters that few money lenders would like to involve themselves in the risk. Plant and equipment of a new company would cost at the present time a sum far exceeding that of the old companies. The Government in this matter have acted somewhat hastily, and at any rate Sir Henry M. Pellatt and his supporters do not appear to be alarmed as to the future of their enterprise.

Like all other investment stocks, that of the Toronto Electric Co. has declined within a year. It rose to 171 last year, while this year it sold at 160 to 142, and the last sale reported was at 145. The company pays 8 per cent. per annum, and at 145, the return is 5 1/2 per cent. to the investor. In 1906 the net earnings were \$386,731, or 11.22 per cent. on a paid-up capital of \$3,000,000. This compares with net earnings of \$182,500 five years ago on a capital of \$2,000,000, or 9.12 per cent. The reserve fund of the Toronto Electric Light Co. is now \$518,057, which is equal to 17.20 per cent. as compared with paid-up capital.

**BANK OF HAMILTON**

**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1/2 per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Bank, for the quarter ending 31st August, being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday, 3rd September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
J. TURNBULL,  
General Manager.  
Hamilton, 22nd July, 1907.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**  
credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.  
OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

The Management of  
**THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA**  
Announces That The  
**WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT**  
At 34 King Street West, Toronto

Has been enlarged and refurnished, and takes pleasure in inviting you to make use of it as though it were your own.

The regular banking hours are from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon—except on Saturdays, when all banks close at twelve noon; but the rest and retiring rooms may be used from nine until five o'clock, and, from nine until one on Saturdays.

Toronto, Canada.  
Copy of Invitation Card Being Sent Out This Month.

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They are absolutely safe, because payment is guaranteed, and if lost, stolen, or delayed in transit, the Express Company will promptly refund the money or issue a new order free of charge.

The Dominion Express Company also issues **FOREIGN CHEQUES** at current rates, payable in all the commercial countries of the world in the money of the country on which drawn.

**TRAVELERS' CHEQUES** for Tourists and Travelers. The most convenient way to carry funds when traveling anywhere in the world.

**DOMINION EXPRESS CO.**

**The Metropolitan Bank**  
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000.00. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23.

Offers to individuals, firms and corporations thoroughly modern and efficient service in handling banking accounts. Correspondents in the United States and Europe.

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**  
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded four times a year.

**West Shore Railroad**  
Excursions to  
**New York**  
Thursday, August 15th  
Tuesday, August 27th

**ROUND TRIP FARE**  
FROM

TORONTO via Boat,	-	-	-	\$11.35
TORONTO " Rail,	-	-	-	13.35
HAMILTON " Rail,	-	-	-	11.35
BUFFALO or NIAGARA FALLS,	-	-	-	9.00

**TICKETS** good going on regular trains, and on **SPECIAL TRAIN** leaving Buffalo at 10.30 P.M. will be

**Good 15 Days**  
Returning including date of sale.

**TICKETS** will also be available for passage, without additional charge, between Albany and New York on the

**HUDSON RIVER STEAMERS**

For full particulars call on or address, L. DRAGO, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto.



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AND LEADER LANE  
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KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE

### SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

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**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



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all over Canada, in  
praise of the

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Hose Supporter.

Like all other good things there  
are imitations. Look for "C.M.C."  
on every clasp.

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Try our  
**Chocolate  
Dipped  
Triscuit  
Biscuit**  
Made in Canada.  
25c per box

**Kayler's**  
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### Culverhouse Optical Co. Ltd.

Glasses are a positive  
help and a permanent  
pleasure if properly fitted.  
We do it

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agents with age. The Kennedy  
School is young enough to include  
enthusiasm in its curriculum.  
Our Employment Department  
receives annually over 1,000  
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Fall term opens Sept. 3.  
Write for free book-lets.

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TORONTO

## Social and Personal

THE Argos' fortnightly hop on Monday evening was the best attended of the season, making a jolly wind-up to the holiday for numbers of the members and their young friends. A number of strangers were present, the guest of honor being Captain James A. Farquhar, who arrived on Sunday in his ocean-going yacht the "Christine" (formerly the property of Lord Strathcona), making the voyage from Scotland in ten days. Captain Farquhar was recently made an honorary life member of the club, in appreciation of his goodness to the Argonaut boys at Henley last summer. Mrs. Farquhar wore a handsome black gown with white lace; Mrs. Thompson (nee Farquhar) was in grey shot silk with white lace guimpe; Miss Farquhar was also present; Mrs. Stanbury, one of the patronesses, wore white muslin lace, hat with roses and pearl ornaments; the Misses Stanbury were, one in white and pale blue, and the other in chine silk muslin; Miss Winslow looked very pretty in pale blue piped with white; the Misses Sankey were both in white with pale blue ribbons; Miss Katie Tough, who made such a hit as "San Toy" in Jappylund, wore a becoming pale blue tucked silk and large tuscany hat with pale blue cock feathers; Miss Anthes a pretty little blonde, was in a white Eton costume, with gold braid and a beautiful hat of pale pink tulle with satin bows and ostrich feathers; Miss Ethelwyn Webster, pale blue pin-ford dress with white lace sleeves; Miss Kantel was in white; Miss Lay pink and white lace; Miss Helen Brown, pale pink flounced organdie; Mrs. McCutcheon, wearing a cream serge dress and white satin and lace blouse, brought an out of town guest, Miss Foggette in white, and Miss Birdie Luttrell in white muslin and lace with silver belt and a red flower in her wavy hair. Among the members noticed were Mr. Julius Thompson, the noted oarsman; Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Jim Merrick, Mr. Taylor, Mr. O. Sullivan, Mr. Anthes, Mr. McKay, Mr. Shapley and Mr. George Seares. Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Hoyle and Mr. Bigley, who were away over the holiday, were greatly missed at the dance.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club dance is the event of Tuesday evening.

The marriage took place at Owen Sound on Tuesday, July 30, of Miss Alice Blythe Tucker, M.A., a graduate of Toronto University, and recently Dean of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N.Y., to Mr. George Wilcox, of McAlister, Indian Territory.

Among those registered at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake are: Mr. A. L. Merritt, Mrs. and Miss Treblecock, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brock, Miss Mildred Brock, Miss Williams, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. J. A. MacKellar, Mr. S. R. McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Miss Curry, Mr. Cuthbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Monro, the Messrs. Peacock, Mr. Frank Grey, the Messrs. Temple, the Messrs. Dineen, Mr. Spanner, Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Boehme, Mr. Cowan, Mr. Charles

Ross, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Wade, Dr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Sydney Fitzgerald, Mr. D. Magee, Mr. R. N. Merritt, Mr. Spalding, Mr. Worts.

Miss Josephine Fletcher of Lexington, Kentucky, is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Alton H. Garrett, in College street. Mr. and the Misses Greening are in Muskoka, camping with Mrs. Fred. Denison for two weeks. Later Miss Alberta Greening is going to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox and their family, who recently returned from a motoring trip in the Eastern States, went down to Ottawa and stayed at the Russell for a short time, returning at the end of the week.

Mr. Graham Campbell, son of Mr. A. H. Campbell of Carbrooke, Queen's Park, has been appointed superintendent of buildings at Toronto University. Mrs. Graham Campbell, who is spending the summer at Longueueau, was in town for a few days last week.

The Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck have been at the Queen's hotel for a time. Their little daughter, who was left in England for her health, will rejoin them in the autumn.

Mr. H. C. Cox, Mrs. Eustace Smith and Mr. Allan Taylor were at Jackson's Point lately. Mr. C. H. Mitchell has left for Calgary. Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, who is at the Island for the summer, spent the holiday at McNicoganshene. Mrs. Alan Marks was down from Cannington last week to stay with her mother, Mrs. Cowan. Miss Aileen Robertson has accompanied Mrs. Crease to Nantahet Beach, Boston, where she will visit her cousin Mrs. Fitton of Brantford, for three weeks.

A quiet wedding took place at half-past twelve in St. John's church on Tuesday, July 30, when Miss Evelyn Helen Weir, B.A., third daughter of the late Robert A. Weir of Toronto was married to Alfred Donaldson Stewart, eldest son of the late John Knox Stewart of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. Alex. Williams, M.A., assisted by the Rev. S. De K. Sweetman, M.A., of St. Thomas's church. The bride, who was unattended and was given away by her cousin, Mr. F. W. Harcourt, looked exceedingly pretty in a gown of embroidered Brussels over chiffon and taffeta trimmed with seed pearls. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left for Montreal en route to Boston and the sea, the bride travelling in dark blue silk with tan hat, veil, shoes and gloves. On their return they will reside in Ottawa.

Miss Marguerite Baines is staying with cousins at Beaconsfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Finley, Miss Kate Finley, Mrs. A. M. Bruce, and Miss Norma Bruce, all of St. Thomas, are guests for a few weeks at the Goderich summer hotel.



### Death in the House of Commons.

REFERRING to the sudden death of Sir Alfred Billson in the British House of Commons, T. P. O'Connor, writing in P. T. O., says: It was one of those nights in the House of deep, though subdued, excitement. There is only one thing which really disturbs the House of Commons and brings on those fits of nervous tension, and that is, the prospect of a defeat of the Government of the day, and all the vast changes which such a portentous event produces. The debate was on sugar, that harmless stuff which, as Disraeli once said, is the joy of childhood and the solace of old age, and yet has done more to embarrass parties and destroy Ministries than any other human product. It was known that Mr. Asquith had resolved to adhere to the tax on sugar in his budget: it was known that a great many Liberal members had pledged themselves to vote for its abolition; the Opposition and the Irish, it was further known, would vote against the Government; and thus there was a possibility of one of those combinations of friends and foes of a Ministry which so often has produced a Ministry's downfall.

I was, therefore, prepared for some excitement when I returned to the lobby of the House after some moments of absence; and yet I was not quite prepared for the spectacle that met my eye. It was late, getting on to eleven o'clock, and at that hour the lobby is usually somewhat empty. Either members have gone home, or they are inside the Chamber itself, waiting for the division. But the division was going on, and yet here was the lobby as crowded as if it were the first day of the session. I gave my vote, and then came out into the lobby again. It was still crowded, and apparently there was some undercurrent of painful excitement. I did not go back to the House. I had a pretty strong idea that the threatened defeat of the Government—of which foolish people had been talking—on the sugar division would not take place; and I have seen too many divisions announced to be very keenly excited about one. And then almost simultaneously I heard two things—two things which were in strange incongruity with each other. The first was a loud burst of vehement cheers which penetrated to the inner lobby; and the second was that close by, within a few yards of this spot to which these cheers were penetrating, there lay the corpse of a man I had seen in full and abounding life but an hour or so before.

I do not believe in presentiments or warnings; and yet I have found more than once in life that death has a curious way of heralding its approach. I have more than once written how frequently I have had the uncanny feeling on looking at the expression in a man's face that death was hovering over him; how, as I saw the late King of Italy drive by me on Mount Pincio there passed across my face something like an icy blast, and the strange, staring, affrighted eyes of the man suggested to me the thought that at some time or other he was destined to fall by the hand of the assassin; how more than once I have seen a curious look in the wistful eyes of some Parliamentary colleague, who a short time afterwards was numbered with the dead. A singular and strange instance of these occasional visitings of a certain second sight occurred to me a short time ago. I was driving home in a cab with an intimate friend of mine. We were discussing the eternal question of life and religious faith, and all those

first principles on which men of reflection never cease to ponder. And just as my friend got out of the cab he summed up his view by saying, "After all, you can never make life entirely happy, because there is always death." And within less than a week, quite unexpectedly, with bewildering and benumbing swiftness, there came the death of the one nearest to him on earth.

More than once I have seen death hovering over some members of the House of Commons. I remember still the night—I was not a member of the House at the time, though I was in the press gallery and acquainted with its proceedings—when Sir George Bowyer—a once noted Irish member, dead ages ago—got up, and moved that the House be adjourned in consequence of the death of Mr. Wykeham Martin, which had just taken place in the library. I saw Dr. Wallace rise to make the speech which was his last, and which was interrupted by a stroke of apoplexy that killed him a few hours later. I used to write at that time a sketch every night for the Daily Telegraph of the proceedings of Parliament, and this necessitated my leaving the House frequently in order to write up my copy in time for the waiting printers. When Wallace rose I left the House, because I had so much to write up that I had to give him the go-by. I returned a short time afterwards. T. W. Russell met me as I walked through the "No" lobby to get to the messenger behind the Speaker's chair who would send up my copy by the paper lift to the press gallery. "This is apoplexy," said T. W. to me. I did not know what he meant, and then I heard for the first time that Dr. Wallace had been struck down just a few moments after I had seen him rise. I walked a little farther on, and there—just behind the Speaker's chair—I saw the prostrate form of the man I had seen in full life and speech a few moments before. I am glad I was spared such a sight in the case of poor Alfred Billson. I knew that he lay dead within a few yards of where I stood; but I do not believe in harrying one's feelings unnecessarily; and I never look on the face of the dead if I can avoid it.

The Montreal Witness says that it must have been a proud moment for Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, when the King and Queen at the Dublin Exhibition expressed their astonishment at the fresh and wholesome condition of the Canadian fruit preserved in cold storage. Mr. Fisher, says The Witness, more than anyone is responsible for the policy of cold storage which has enabled us to keep our cheese and butter and transport them in prime condition; and it is his intention to extend the system of cold storage to fruit and fish, so as to keep a supply throughout the country wholesome and of fairly uniform price all through the year. With a chain of cold storage warehouses for apples and fish, there should be more money in these articles for the seller and the consumers will be better and cheaper served.

The Countess of Aberdeen is at heart in favor of Home Rule, it is said. Recently there was a state garden-party in Dublin, and her ladyship, anxious to know how the sympathies of her guests lay, asked a high official attached to the viceregal court whether there were many Home Rulers present. That official did not sympathize with her ideals. "None," was his laconic reply, "except your ladyship and the waiters."

## SAVING MONEY

The wisdom of saving money must be apparent to any person who gives the subject any thought. A little money saved enables you to take advantage of opportunities for making more money; to buy a lot, to make the first payment on a home, to start in business for yourself. The opportunities come to the man with Capital. Saving the small sums is the creation of Capital.

There is but one certain, safe way to accumulate money, and that is to save it. Thus, and thus alone, can the foundation of wealth be firmly laid. Those who earn and spend are many. Those who earn and save are the select few who gain a competence and place themselves in a position to grasp life's opportunities by spending less than they earn and saving the surplus.

Economy is the road to wealth. Deposit your savings with the

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
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will find **COOK'S Turkish and Russian Baths** the most up-to-date on the continent, and the best place to stay at over night.

Excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.

Dainty bill of fare served day or night. Try it once and you will always stay at COOK'S, and recommend it to your friends.

**202-204 KING ST. WEST**

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**ABSOLUTE SECURITY  
TO DEPOSITORS**

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**MONEY TO LOAN  
SAFETY DEPOSIT  
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**THE UNION TRUST CO. LTD.**  
TEMPLE BLD'G  
174-176 BAY ST. TORONTO.

**ACCOUNTS OF  
EXECUTORS  
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ARE SPECIALLY  
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**BALANCES ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS  
WHEN KEPT WITH US DRAW  
INTEREST AT FOUR PER CENT  
PER ANNUM, COMPOUNDED  
QUARTERLY, AND ARE AT  
ALL TIMES SUBJECT TO CHEQUE.**

IT HAS NO  
EQUAL  
FOR KEEPING  
THE SKIN  
SOFT, SMOOTH  
AND WHITE  
AT  
ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet preparations." It entirely removes and prevents all  
**SKIN DISEASES**  
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TAN, etc.  
It is unequalled  
as a  
**SKIN TONIC**  
as well as an  
**EMOLLIENT.**

**LANOLIN**  
BOTTLES, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)  
H. DEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham,  
ENGLAND.

## TAYLOR'S SLOE GIN

THE FINEST MADE.

Gold Medals awarded at the  
International Exhibitions of  
1851 and 1862.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**HUMPHREY TAYLOR & CO.,**  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents: The Canadian Wine & Spirit Co., Ltd., Toronto.

## ---CAMPERS---

Let us supply you with your requirements in our line.  
Orders carefully packed and expressed anywhere in  
Ontario. Send for Wine List.

**THE WM. MARA CO.**  
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St.  
and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. WINE MERCHANTS  
75 YONGE ST., TORONTO

## COLD CREAMS

LIOLA CREAM  
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MAGDA CREAM  
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**Extra Fine Bath Sponges**

**W. H. LEE**  
KING EDWARD DRUG STORE  
Church and  
Wellesley Sts. Avenue Road  
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**BREVET.**—A common-sense summer-comfort collar. 1½ in. at back; 2½ in. in front band; points 2½ in. wide.

**20c each 3 for 50c**

**W.P. LINEN Collars**

IRISH linen, sewn better than seems needful for accuracy and shape-holding quality. Save both money and time.

**Demand the brand!**

Makers, Berlin, Canada

**WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT**

overcomes all anaemic conditions, restoring to the blood the red corpuscles of health.

All druggists—everywhere.

**SALE OF PINE TIMBER**

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Order-in-Council, tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and including Tuesday, 3rd September next, for the right to cut pine timber on the townships of D'Arcy, McGee, Cheverton, Cochrane, Borden and Gower, near the town of Chapleau on the Canadian Pacific Railway; on Berth W.D. 2 west of Woman River station on the C. P. R.; on certain areas on Lake Windermere, south of Windermere station; all in the district of Algoma. Also the white and red pine timber on certain lots in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd cons. of the township of Beauharnois, and on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th cons. of the township of Henwood, north of Lake Temiscamingue, in the district of Nipissing; also certain pine timber on what is known as "Franklin Island" in the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron, north of the town of Parry Sound, in the district of Parry Sound.

For conditions, further particulars, maps, etc., apply to the undersigned.

E. COCHRANE, Minister.

Dept. of Lands, Forests and Mines, Toronto, 8th July, 1907.

No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.



**Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 5 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORV, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

"No, I don't care for English opera." "Why not?" "Because it bothers me to listen to what the singers are saying when I want to talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The British Press and the Dominion.**

From Canada.

NOT so many years ago the British journalist seldom even looked across the "dim strait wall of wandering wave" which surrounds his island, to mark the progress made by the great Dominion. (In passing we may as well point out that, seeing that New Zealand is to become a Dominion, Canada should henceforth be styled the "Great Dominion.") No doubt the New Zealanders will object to their territory being called the "Little Dominion," but the phrase is certain to catch on, since it will be a convenience to the British pressman.) To resume, in those days newspaper editors and proprietors were always facing eastward; Europe seemed to them the only source of good copy from outside; journalistically speaking, Canada and Australia were not worth two flourishes of a fountain pen. Then, as compared with now, the blue-book worm—the worthy, safe writer, who worked up the raw material of official reports into editorials—was unusually plentiful; comparatively few pressmen had the audacity to deal with the veritable facts of life in language purged of the old-fashioned sesquipedalian jargon. In that age a change of Government in Canada was dismissed in two lines of microscopic print at the feet of a column, and the editor was "not at home" to the writer who, having personal knowledge of the country, wished to instruct the British public in regard to the possibilities of the western wing of the vast Imperial policy.

To-day all this is changed and it is impossible to pick up a British periodical—daily, weekly, or monthly—without finding therein an article, more or less well-informed, dealing with some aspect of Canadian development. Many influences have combined to bring about this change for the better. Statesmen of the calibre of D'Israeli, Salisbury and Chamberlain have persuaded the British people that the British Empire is a living, growing reality; poets of the Kipling type have reminded them that the red patches on the map of the world are symbolical of the good red British blood, which has been shed to secure possession of the limitless territories they denote. Imperialism has become the creed of every thinking Briton; even the most indigestible type of Little Englander cannot avoid thinking and talking about the Empire as an actual fact in world-business and world-politics. Nowhere has the gift of thinking imperially been more sedulously cultivated than in Fleet Street, which is not only a thoroughfare but also a state of the mind. To-day it may be said that every allred route in the Empire begins in Fleet Street, and that every British journalist is profoundly interested in the future of Greater Britain. Every important newspaper in the Mother Country now possesses its specialist on Canada and Canadian affairs. This last fact is very largely the result of the enterprise of the Dominion Government, which, some years ago, hit upon the brilliant idea of inviting British press parties to travel from end to end of the Dominion as the nation's guests. No better method of revealing the actual and potential greatness of Canada to the British public could have been devised, and it is a notable fact that the German Emperor—the most energetic and up-to-date monarch on the continent of Europe—recently followed the lead of Canada, and arranged that a party of British journalists should visit Germany, in order that the foundations of a new friendship between the two countries might be well and truly laid. And we are informed on high authority that France also proposes to follow Canada's example, which has also in recent years been imitated by Austria-Hungary and Sweden. Here let us make a suggestion to the Canadian Government. Why should they not invite a party of French journalists to visit French Canada and the West, with its many French-speaking settlements, next year, when the Champlain Tercentenary is being celebrated?

Two British press parties are visiting the Dominion this summer. One consists of representatives of leading provincial journals, which are widely circulated in agricultural districts, and there can be no doubt that the outcome of its visit will be a marked increase in the interest felt in Canada as a field of settlement for the distressed British farmer and his land-hungry employees. All its members are thoroughly competent journalists, having that capacity of mastering detail which the London pressman, who has not had the advantage of a preliminary provincial training, does not always possess in as marked a degree. Then there is a second party, composed of the representatives of the great London journals, the dii majores of British journalism. They are all journalists of distinction and wide experience. The representative of The Times, for example, is one of the best pressmen in London; he can think not only in English, but also in French, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier knows, and he will be able to do much to extirpate the fallacy, still current in certain journalistic quarters, that the French-Canadians are a non-progressive, anti-imperialist people, who are not playing their part in the development of the illimitable natural resources of the Great Dominion. Then there is Mr. Harold Begbie, poet, novelist, and allround journalist, who is one of the most brilliant writers of the day, with a singular gift of sympathetic insight. The others are all good men and good fellows, and, while they will learn much during their journey along the nine-fold space of the United British States (what a difference the second epithet makes!) of North America, they will also teach us something. The British journalist, it must be remembered, is always a master of political perspective, since night after night he is called upon to explain the swift vicissitudes of international policy; and many things not apparent to the Canadian, whose soul is wrapped up in the fortunes of his own town or province, are apparent to the former at a glance.

No chef in all the world occupies a more peculiar position than M. Eugene Kratz, the little-known but august *cordon bleu* who presides in the imperial kitchens of the Czar. This remarkable man draws a salary rather larger than that of the President of the United States—about \$55,000 a year—and has paramount control of the palace kitchens in all the homes of the imperial family, from Peterhof, the Anitchkoff, the Winter Palace, and Tsarskoe-Selo, all the way to Livadia in the Crimea. Six times a year M. Kratz makes the round of all the imperial kitchens throughout the empire, and his peculiar position may be realized from the fact that his social rank equals that of a general in the Russian army.

In spite of the endowments of the Church of England, more than 5,000 benefices have less than \$1,000 a year, and of these 1,139 have under \$500. In order to assist the incumbents of these livings, the Queen Victoria clergy fund was started, and, as Lord Cross showed at its tenth anniversary a few days ago, it has done something—though of late the total has dwindled—to give a living wage to the poorer clergy.



**A SPOILT PET.**

Le Petit Belge—"Please, sir, your monkey's taken my bag!"

Uncle Sam—"That's so! Ain't he cute?"

(On the subject of Belgium's unpaid claim upon Venezuela for \$400,000, The Times says: "A moral responsibility lies with the United States for the behavior of the State towards which she has shown a special solicitude.")—Punch.

**A Famous Canadian Singer Interviewed**

From P. T. O.

Madame Donalda, in a recent interview given to P.T.O., said: "I sang as a child because it was as natural for me to do so as it was to play games. However, my brothers (I have nine) used to tell me my voice was too loud."

"When did you begin to study?"

"At eighteen, at the Royal Victoria College for Girls, Montreal, founded by Sir Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona) on the same lines as the McGill College. The students are called 'the Donaldas,' and I took my stage name in compliment to Lord Strathcona, whose protegee I was. Then I studied in Paris with M. Edouard Dubernoy."

"Do you still study?"

"Certainly, and especially in summer I work a lot. I cannot tell you of all Madame Melba's kindness—she has actually given me lessons. Think what an advantage that has been, and she is always so sweet and ready to help. She asked me to take her place at the recent matinee organized by the Duchess of Connaught; 'the Duchess, too, asked me to sing.'"

"It must have been a pleasant experience?"

"Delightful. The Duchess of Connaught invited me to lunch that day and after the first act of 'La Boheme' sent to my dressing-room a bouquet of lilies and roses, with a note bearing the words, 'With my most grateful thanks.' Her Royal Highness thoughtfully chose those flowers because Mimi tells Rodolpho that she embroiders lilies and roses."

"My favorite roles? Marguerite and Mimi, and I look forward to appearing as Madame Butterfly. At the close of the season I will rest in the South of France (my husband's country), and next winter am engaged at the Opera Comique, Paris."

Only twenty-three now, the gifted Canadian prima donna (to paraphrase the old line) "came, sang, and conquered" the operatic world some two years ago, the beauty of her voice and her dramatic gifts being equally remarkable, for she inherited from her Russian father and Polish mother the temperament without which no singer can be a great artiste. Her genuine modesty about her achievements is one of her most striking characteristics.

**Mr. Punch**

From Harper's Weekly.

THE honor lately done Mark Twain by Mr. Punch, who dined the famous humorist, and dedicated to him a congratulatory cartoon, shows, anyhow, that wit and humor may be recognized in spite of hampering traditions. For Punch, although by birth Italian, has, since July 7, 1841, the date of his first appearance in Great Britain, become a Britisher of Britishers, and sets forth best, perhaps, of any English newspaper the current views and habits of John Bull.

Like an old-fashioned restaurant, Punch has a traditional menu, especially of illustrated jokes. Of these the most important is the Political Cartoon or Joke, which, when of international interest, is reproduced the world over. Then there is the sporting joke. A hunting or a shooting incident in winter, and in the summer months a cricket or a racing one, with golf, the sporting Frenchman, and auto accidents to fill in gaps. Akin to this last is the Military and Barrack Joke, which, of necessity, deals chiefly with recruits and the volunteers. Of the Domestic Joke Punch has always made a specialty. Here we have the intercourse of servants with their mistresses; children's questions in the thirst for information; the schooling of their offspring by devoted parents. Again, Punch readers often find an incident which may not be inaptly called the Uneducated Joke. This joke is a far-reaching one. It embraces the experiences of Weary William on the tramp; his ignorance of Latin and his native wit; the repartees of bus-drivers and cabbies; the humors of the crowded street; misunderstandings shopping; the parson puzzled by his poor parishioner's remarks; the squire's daughter tickled by the unconscious witticism of an aged cottager; mistakes made by the newly rich; also the medical variety, that cuts both ways, with the doctor's or the patient's misconception of an ailment. Finally, there is the Rising Generation Joke; the follies of the jeunesse doree, the shocks administered to older folk by the young idea; the grappling with all modern thought by rich and poor alike.

With such material as permanent pictorial matter, but little space is left in any issue for the Extraordinary Illustrated Joke. True, it pops up sometimes in a hope-I-don't-intrude-beg-pardon sort of way. But seemingly it does not thrive in a traditional atmosphere, as its appearances are few. Original jokes, indeed, until some airship ones swoop down on us, are next to quite impossible to get, and Punch, like other comic papers, doubtless finds the effort to be funny rather serious work. Still, as the acknowledged jester of the British Isles, Mr. Punch maintains a certain standard, and enjoys a unique reputation.

**Apollinaris**

**"The Queen of Table Waters"**

WORLD FAMOUS MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER THAN PERFUMED  
BORATED TOILET

**INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP**

DELIGHTFUL--10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes

**A JOY TO JADED PALATES---  
A BOON TO BILIOUS LIVERS**

**SHREDDED WHEAT**

and strawberries. The porous shreds take up the fruit juices holding the delicious aroma of the berry. Wholesome, appetizing, strengthening.

BISCUIT for Breakfast. TRISCUIT for Toast.  
All Grocers; 13c. a Carton; 2 for 25c.

**"HEALTH INSURANCE" FOR THE FAMILY**



The only real life insurance is protection from disease and ill-health. Modern science has provided for this in

**"STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE**

Do not remodel your home or begin to build without first seeing that your architect has included in his specifications the installing of

"Standard Ideal" Lavatories, Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Kitchen Sinks and Laundry Tubs.

Strong as iron, snow white and beautiful as china, made in one piece, non-porous and smooth as a billiard ball, "Standard Ideal" Ware in the home is the guarantee of absolute cleanliness, freedom from poisonous gases, and the boon of good health.

"Standard Ideal" Ware Lasts Longest  
Your architect or plumber will recommend it.

**THE STANDARD IDEAL CO., LIMITED**

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne St.  
Montreal, 128 West Craig St. Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block.

**Prohibitionists Commend KOPS ALE and STOUT**

Because these beverages are strictly non-alcoholic. Brewed from the finest Kentish Hops, they contain the full food, stimulating properties of the alcoholic ales and stouts, but are absolutely devoid of all intoxicant powers.

**FOR TABLE and MEDICINAL USE**

Kops Ale and Stout have no equal. They supply an aid to digestion and nourishment; and healthful stimulation to invalids and convalescents.

Be sure to try them. Ask your grocer or druggist at once, or phone or write us.

**KYLE & HOOPER, Sole Ontario Agents**  
21 Front St. East, TORONTO



The most fastidious critic is delighted with a box of

**Rex Chocolates**

Made by  
GILPIN-MOFFATT CO.  
TORONTO



## The Season's Newest Hand Bags

OUR leather goods department has now on exhibition its recent European importations of the season's newest and most favored styles in Hand Bags

**AMONG the latest designs are:**  
**The Dorothy**  
 In Seal and Alligator, \$5.00 to \$10.00.  
**Mail Pouch**  
 In Pin Seal and Alligator, \$5.00 to \$15.00.  
**Mayfair**  
 In Alligator and Pin Seal, \$10.00 to \$20.00.  
**Skirt Bag**  
 In all the latest leathers, \$2.50 to \$15.00.  
**Shopping Bag**  
 In various shapes and sizes in all leathers, \$2.00 to \$35.00.

**RYRIE BROS.**

Limited

134-138 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

## Prescriptions

**ANDREW JEFFREY**

Yonge and Carlton Streets

MEDALS—35—AWARDS  
**SKIN FOOD SOAP**  
 THE FAMOUS  
**BENZOL**  
 Keeps the Face Young  
 Renews the Complexion  
 If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for  
 Tablet, with Directions, to SALT & SUGAR CO.,  
 631 Front Street East, Toronto



The Dowager Queen of Spain

is another royal woman with remarkably beautiful hair. The envy of many women half her age. Eternal vigilance is the price of nice hair, and this with the advice and keep of someone who knows the hair and its structure and peculiar ailments, will banish trouble indefinitely. **ALPHEMBER'S** hair and scalp is a constant study, and the success that comes from treatment of scalp or hair troubles there is due entirely to one tremendously important fact.  
 In ultra stylish hair creations you are always certain to find a number of dainty and youth-renewing styles, that are to be seen nowhere else, as they are almost the result of our European agents. The new Empress and the Semi-Transformation are two especially stunning pieces.

**THE PEMBER STORE**  
 Moulders of Hair Fashions  
 127-129 YONGE ST.



## Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.  
 They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
 Limited  
 447 Yonge St., Toronto

## ATLANTIC CITY EXCURSION.

Only two more 15-day \$10.00 Sea Shore excursions via Lehigh Valley R.R., from Suspension Bridge, August 30th and September 6th. Tickets permit of stop-over at Philadelphia, going or returning. For tickets, Pullmans and particulars, call L.V.R. offices, 54 King street, east.

## Young Canadians Serving the King

LXV.



MAJOR E. OSBORNE SMITH,  
 Northamptonshire Regiment, Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1884.

### Social and Personal

A QUIET wedding took place on Friday evening, August 2, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilkinson, 405 Markham street, when Mr. Wilkinson's third son, Mr. Charles Tuck Wilkinson of Winnipeg, was married to Miss Sara Patterson, daughter of the late Forrester Patterson of New York. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alex. Gilray, of College street Presbyterian church, and the wedding march was played by Miss Minnie Patterson (Hamilton), a cousin of the bride. Owing to a recent death in the bride's family only the immediate relations were present. The bride wore a gown of white chiffon and valenciennes lace over silk, and carried a shower bouquet of white sweet peas and maiden hair fern. She was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Marjorie Wilkinson, who wore a pretty frock of white organdie and lace, and carried a bouquet of sweet peas and ferns. Mr. Nelson Wilkinson, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After an informal supper, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson left for their future home in Winnipeg, the bride travelling in a dark blue voile dress—the Eton coat opening over a white silk and lace blouse—and a becoming blue hat.

Mr. Mathers Brown, son-in-law of Sir John Kirk, was at the King Edward this week. Judge and Mrs. H. D. Laughlin of Chicago were also registered at the hotel.

Miss Isabel Mackenzie, who is spending the summer in Muskoka, was in town for a few days this week.

Mrs. Thomas Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. John H. C. Durham, Elm avenue Rosedale, and Mrs. E. Durham of Warren, Penn., returned from the Mackinac trip this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy, who are at Banff, are going to Victoria, and will be absent about six weeks.

The Rev. Charles Kenrick arrived this week by the Carmania from a long visit to Aix-les-Bains. Mr. Frank Kenrick is staying with Mrs. John Boulton at her island in Muskoka, and will later go to Longueuseau and stay with Mr. A. H. Campbell.

A dinner was given at the Hunt Club for the officers of the visiting British artillery team.

Mrs. Eade Chadwick has returned from Simcoe, where she spent the last three weeks with Mrs. Lally McCarthy.

Among those registered at the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London recently were: Mr. W. F. McPhedran, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. G. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Miss Elaine Hodgins, and Mr. Sherwood Hodgins, R.N.

Mr. W. S. Andrews and Mr. Gordon Andrews, who have been in Brussels and Paris, are now in London for a time.

Miss Beatrice Webster and Miss Anthes are staying in Muskoka for a time. The guests of the Lake Rosseau hotels were defeated by the Royal Muskoka guests in a game of baseball last week. Mr. E. J. M. Greenshields, Mr. A. R. Boswell and Mr. Duncan Coulson were at Cobourg lately. Mr. and Mrs. George Evans and their children are also at Cobourg, staying with Mrs. Evans' mother, Mrs. E. E. F. Skill. Mrs. Albert Gooderham, with a party, is spending a couple of weeks at Stony Lake.

The marriage took place at Cobourg on August 6, at 12.30, of Miss Minaker, daughter of Mr. D. H. Minaker (the town clerk) and Mrs. Minaker, to Mr. Haig, son of the late Andrew Haig of Cobourg. The ceremony was performed at Spruce Lawn the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Mr. Lewis of Oshawa, formerly of Cobourg. During the ceremony the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, and "Trauerrei," by Schumann, were played by Miss Helen Minaker, the bride's sister, and at the conclusion Mendelssohn's wedding march was played, and Miss Alison Minaker (Gladstone, Manitoba), niece of the bride, sang "Because," by Guy D'Hardelot. The house was decorated with quantities of pink and mauve sweet peas and ferns. The bride, given away by her father, looked very well in her wedding gown of crepe de chene over silk with trimmings of brocade and silk embroidered

chiffon. She wore a long tulle veil, wreath of orange blossom, and carried Bride roses and maiden hair ferns. Her present from the bridegroom was a Mexican turquoise and pearl pendant. The bride's sister, Miss Louisa Minaker of New York, acted as bridesmaid, wearing white silk organdie, and carrying pink enchantress carnations. Her present from the bridegroom was an amethyst ring. Dr. J. R. Irwin of Cobourg was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Haig left for Muskoka on their wedding trip, the bride travelling in a smart Rajah silk with brown facings and hat to match. On their return they will live in Cobourg.

One of the most noticeable women presented at their Majesty's last court on July 20 was Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Toronto, and wife of Captain Charles Kingsmill, commander of the special service division of the Home Fleet at Davenport. Mrs. Kingsmill, who was accompanied by her husband, was presented by the Countess of Crewe. Mrs. Kingsmill looked remarkably handsome in her court dress of white satin veiled with silver embroidered net, the bodice hung with strings of brilliants and the skirt draped with old lace, caught up with silver roses and tissue. The court train was of white satin and roses and tissue. She wore a diamond tiara and carried a shower bouquet of pale lavender orchids, tied with silver ribbons. The dress was one of the most beautiful at the court and was specially mentioned in the English papers.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock is taking a party of ladies to Charlotte to see Mr. Cawthra Mulock's yacht, the Adele, in the coming races. Miss Aimee Falconbridge, though rapidly recovering from her unfortunate accident, is not well enough to accompany her sister and will be greatly missed by her friends.

Mrs. Beardmore has postponed her return from Minicoganashene for another week. Her niece, Miss McKeand, from Hamilton, is spending ten days with Mr. Walter Beardmore.

Mr. Des Voeux is leaving on August 24 for England, where he will reside in future.

Miss Annie Hagarty has gone to Woodington for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn are at their island in Muskoka. It is probable that Miss Florence Heward will visit them there this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campbell Osborne left on Wednesday for Chicago, where they will spend a few days.

Mrs. Irving Madison (formerly Marjorie Machray) is at Niagara-on-the-Lake with her mother, Mr. Madison, who recently won a medal in the shooting at Fort Niagara, is now in New York for a time.

Mr. Norman Gzowski and Mr. John Grey spent the week end at Star Island, Muskoka, with Mr. Casimir Gzowski. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Beardmore are in Quebec.

Mrs. Alfred Cameron and her little son are spending the summer at Rostrevor, Lake Rosseau. Miss Cox is at Bala, Muskoka, for the month of August.

Lady Gzowski with Major-General and Mrs. Sandham are at Mr. Gzowski's island in Muskoka. Miss Norah Gwynne is at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, of Eglinton, accompanied by Miss Bullen, have returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival have returned from spending three weeks at the Georgian Bay.

The Island Aquatic Association sports took place on Wednesday night. On the same evening Mrs. Piper gave a small dance at her cottage for the Islanders.

Mr. and Mrs. Herring sail for England by the Canada to-day. Before leaving they went to Kingston to say good-bye to Mrs. Van Straubenzee, and to Lennoxville to say good-bye to Mrs. Herring's brother, Mr. Lionel Herbert.

The Rev. H. S. Mussen, of Louisville, Kentucky, is at the King Edward. Senator D. McMillan, Alexandria, is at the Queen's Hotel.

It is definitely announced that Miss May Sutton will be at Niagara for the tennis tournament on August 26. Miss Sutton will arrive at the Queen's Royal a week before the tournament, and during her stay at the hotel will be chaperoned by her friend, Mrs. Harry Kirkover, of Buffalo, who is spending the summer at Niagara.

Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, secretary of the Board of Education, is spending two weeks at Chicoutimi, P.Q.

Miss Muriel Smith is staying with Mrs. John Massey and Miss Massey at Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Lord Strathecona, who is in Montreal, will shortly be joined by Mr. C. C. Chipman, commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg.

Mr. Ernest Watson is spending some time with Mrs. J. H. Erskin in Ottawa.

Miss Hamilton Moore is doing the Mackinac trip with Miss Baines and the Misses Kay (England), who are staying with Mrs. Baines in Beverley street. On the way back Miss Moore will spend a short time at Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island. Miss Moore's marriage to Mr. Richard Baines will take place in October.

The Island aquatic dances are keeping up their popularity in spite of the heat, the last two being the best attended of the season.

One of the autumn weddings will be that of Miss Marjorie Arnoldi and Mr. Douglas Warren.

The marriage of Miss Grace Ellen McFaul, only daughter of Mr. Leonard L. McFaul, of Seaforth, Ont., Canada, to Mr. James G. Mullen, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, San Francisco, Cal., was solemnized at Emmanuel Presbyterian church, Los Angeles, Cal., July 30, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Walker.

Mr. E. A. Cowan and Mr. J. H. Donald are spending their vacation at Minicoganashene.

## PLEATED SKIRTS

Made to order from  
your own material.

Knife and Accordion Pleating  
of all Kinds.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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266-274 KING STREET WEST

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## CHICKERING PIANOS

(Established 1828.)

Sold only by---

**H. W. BURNETT CO., LIMITED**

276 Yonge Street

TORONTO

## COWAN'S

PERFECTION

## C O C O A

Every physician will tell you that pure Cocoa is the best beverage in the world, but it must be pure Cocoa. Cowan's Perfection is absolutely pure.

The COWAN CO., Limited  
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COWAN'S  
C O C O A

## Saturday Night Press

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## A Salt Water Vacation in Canada

Summering on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, Some Distance Below Quebec.

THIS does not mean at the sea—far from it. The St. Lawrence river is brackish by the time it washes the end of the Isle of Orleans, twenty-five miles below Quebec, and fifty miles further down quite a respectable degree of saltiness is attained, says Jean McIlwraith in *The Travel Magazine*. It is not yet the ocean, though it seems so to us on the north shore when the southern side, twenty miles distant, is entirely hidden by a summery haze. Sometimes it appears but as a wavy purple band on the horizon, but at others the hills stand out in majestic, curving lines and we can pick out the villages—Kamouraska, St. Denis, Rivière Ouelle, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière—by their white houses, in some instances strung along the strand like the beads on a rosary, elsewhere grouped about the church whose tin-clad spire is turned into a searchlight by the sun's last rays.

The mountains do not come down so close to the river upon its southern as upon its northern shore. We had the satisfaction of knowing that our jolly hills were providing something special in the way of sunsets for our neighbors over the way, and they were providing some equally fine sunrises for us, if we could only have been induced to rise early enough to see them; but our springless beds—a straw mattress two feet deep, surmounted by a three-inch feather one—were too comfortable to be forsaken for any cause less urgent than the first breakfast bell. One needs to have endured a winter's residence in a big city fully to appreciate what it means to look out of bed at night and see the young moon sliding down behind the shoulder of pine-robed mountain; what it means to be awakened in the morning by the songs of the birds, the rustle of wind through the birches, and the noise of a hidden brook.

This was one of the brooks which it was the chief occupation of our golden days to explore. Each stream is at the bottom of a deep, thickly wooded ravine, and each has so little space in which to run from the mountains behind us to the river in front that rapids are the rule. These are no miserable little trickles apologizing for existence, but fine, full-hearted bodies of water, dashing round boulders too big to be leapt over, settling into dark pools to provide hiding places for the spotted trout and often taking gallant leaps over the cliffs in their haste to see which can first reach *la grande rivière*. So enticing are these mountain streams, we followed the course of one after another, up to the waterfall we never failed to find. We were glad to be boarding at a French-Canadian farmhouse, instead of a summer hotel, and glad to be here before there were paths leading to any of these superb falls.

This country "gets a move on" occasionally, if the people do not. We can readily believe it to be an earthquake region, so jumbled up did the hills appear. We were told that the first church of Les Eboulements, our well-named village, slid into the St. Lawrence, and that is why the second was built on top of a mountain a couple of miles back from the shore. Our farmhouse was one of those on the plateau about half way up between the wharf and the village. We took a buckboard to the latter the day after we arrived at the former, but no more driving for us in that direction. What is the use when at every hill—and you can go in no direction without encountering specimens steep as the side of a house—the driver gets off the vehicle himself and politely requests his passengers to do the same. If you do not instantly comply, the horse turns round and gives you a look so reproachful that you slip off the buckboard in a trice, to toil meekly upwards in the heat and dust. The roads are rutty and rocky, even where they are comparatively level, and the horse makes such good time over them that you are jiggled nearly to bits, but, thank heaven, the automobile has not yet invaded these parts with its dust, its noise and its odor. We pictured the consternation of that lower road, leading along the waterside to the quay, should a motor car go whirling past the cottages. It could hardly avoid running over a youngster or two, there are so many of them, often twelve or fifteen in a family. It was an undecided question with us which we could best spare, the bare-footed, straw-hatted, homespun Lucien, or the prim little Aloysia, with her brown face and her thick brown curls. They are all shy, these children, yet all polite—never a sug-



Facetious Youth—"I feel it my duty to warn you that there's a police trap round the corner!"—Punch.

## Taking Sides in Life

Reflections on the Fact that We are All, Consciously or Unconsciously, Partisans in One Way or Another.

"TAKING sides," exclaimed an enthusiastic young lady, "is the loveliest thing on earth; it makes life worth living." Certainly to live with zeal and enthusiasm is to live successfully; and to do so means that one must choose sides, and throw the weight of one's personality into the balance, to advance one end of life and thwart its opposite. Since this is so, what is that religious attitude called quietism, indifference, of which we hear so much? Why is it that some great people in the world, men like Epicurus and Aurelius, walk in an atmosphere of large calm and serenity? Why is it that all the small turmoils and bustling disturbances of life seem to gather round and overwhelm little undecided folk who swim against the current of events? When one tries to answer these questions, one is reminded of a youth who was baffled in his siege of the literary career, and who turned to a wise and philosophic old lady and asked, "Have you no sympathy with failure?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Yes, I have sympathy with large failures." So it seems to be with partisanship—turmoils and disturbances and petty frettings and fumings attend small partisanship, and the nobility of taking sides varies in exact ratio with the largeness of the cause we have chosen to live and die for.

The belittling effects of mere clanship, of standing by a friend, or even one's country, right or wrong, is all too noticeable. Family feeling is an excellent arrangement of Providence for the comfort and strengthening of the individual, but it is, in the last analysis, nothing more than an extension of egotism. Friendship founded on any lower basis than common pursuit of noble ends is only a little human adjustment for diversion and well-being. And who is a friend and a brother? Is it he who admires and upholds one, right or wrong, or is it he who will demand the best from one and have it at any cost? There are three things that relieve a man of the pernicious nagging of self-interest; three things that add to the sum of the worth of the world; three things always worth taking sides for: the disinterested self-annulling pursuit of beauty, of virtue, or of truth.

That such pursuits sometimes err cannot detract from their worth. A lost cause is a good enough one to die for if it is disinterestedly chosen; and if nothing else is gained, a man or a company of men have been relieved from the immediate pressure of the sense of self. It is difficult to read, without tears in one's eyes, that coarse outburst of outraged pride that Browning sent down into the upturned, placid face of the dead Fitzgerald who belittled Mrs. Browning's poetry, and the old poet's faltering excuse, "When I read it I felt as if she had died yesterday." Nor can one regret the vehemence of his partisanship, for that happy wife had been bound up always with her husband's highest conception of virtue, of beauty, of truth. Together they had served at the altar, of poetry, sacrificing comfort, convention, worldly success, to add to the sum of the world's truth and the world's beauty. To hold the personal life out lightly on the hand while one flings one's whole force into a great cause, this is what makes life worth living.

Wherever a great cause mixes itself up with small matters and unessen-

tials it loses force and power. Wherever narrow-mindedness and one-sidedness dictate the terms of party spirit there the worth and nobility of the cause shrink. Savonarola would have been a greater reformer if he had not been afraid of jewels and pictures. Measure the distance between a partisanship such as Savonarola's and such a one as St. Francis's. St. Francis took sides, too. He sided against luxury, and class distinction, and wealth, and political hierarchies, and he sided with mercy, and pity, and truth, and love, and the brotherhood of the world, and he was so alive with the zeal of this partisanship that the small things, the unessentials, escaped him altogether.

If to live effectively, one must decide on something one believes worth living and dying for, and then pursue the mark without abatement, one must choose a cause that will last, that will stand fire and water and even the clear light of eternity. So one may avoid seeing old age swoop down upon one like a bird of prey while man awaits it with every nerve slack, every enthusiasm bartered, every desire wavering, and no work done. No work done! There is a real tragedy to see life slip by and feel that we have not even notched it as it floated by us, made no mark on it to commemorate our being. "Twenty-one," wrote the young Goethe in his journal—"twenty-one and nothing done for eternity!" He made his notch in the life slipping on to eternity, however, before his end came, as one might be sure that youth would who had courage to make such an entry in black and white.

The partisanship alone is worth while which fixes consciousness upon the good aimed at rather than the evil to overcome. If we find that we must stand through life with our heel set upon struggling wrong, at least we can put all our joy not in the tyrant beneath our foot, but in the hovering good toward which we look. It is difficult, too, now that we have grown more used to the thoughts of evolution, to the idea that the moral sense no less than intellectual power is a matter of slow progression, to deal with sin in any other spirit than that of backward development or inevitable limitation. Probably, too, a religion of kindness would be well worth flinging all one's forces into. Fancy the power and influence of a religion which should, instead of disapproving and fault-finding, put all its force into conceiving and pursuing faith, hope and charity. If one were to choose, when all is said and done, the most enviable fate given among ordinary men, it would be to complete the little journey of life without hurting any one, without inflicting a wound, either by cruelty of nature or weakness of purpose. For the great question, after all, is the pain one causes; and the utmost ingenuity of metaphysics will hardly exonerate him who has wantonly shed pain and misery where helplessness and gentleness might have prevailed.

Perhaps to be a partisan and yet to avoid unkindness is best accomplished by overlooking the evil. The philosophers who aimed at indifference, the saints who cultivated detachment, were not incapable of partisanship. They had only chosen their course wisely and learned to see grandly. He can best dare to be a partisan who has once felt his essential identity with all life, so that if he strangles or cuts off he may realize that it is himself he slays. And if he dare to be a non-partisan, too, and flow in the great current of the universal processes, he must do so not lazily or vaguely, but with the sage's hard won philosophy or the saint's wise detachment.—Harper's Weekly.

## The Grub

THE girl looked up at the man beside her. "Why do you despise women?" she asked suddenly.

The man turned in his chair before he answered.

He turned because he wished to look at this woman, who recognized how utterly he despised her sex.

She was young, perhaps, twenty, and the pure whiteness of her skin was accentuated by the red rose she wore at her breast, and the simplicity of her black gown.

"Women," he answered, "are to be pitied and feared. Pitied, because they can never occupy the seats of the mighty, or run in the great race. Feared, because of their influence, which, once established over man, hampers him in that race."

"But," asked the girl, "do women never compete?"

"No, not in the big race; for woman is not by nature a fighter, and none but fighters can enter for the race of life."

"You spoke of woman's influence. Surely it does not always hamper?"

"Always," answered the man with conviction. "Look," he continued, stripping the white dancing-glove from his right hand. "That is man's hand when under the influence of woman. . . . It lay broad and passive on his knee. 'But now'—and he twisted his fingers and contracted his hand so that his companion saw the tiny muscles creep under the skin—that is Man, the fighter's hand."

"Books tell us a good woman helps," murmured the girl.

"A good woman merely prevents man from attaining the highest planes his ability entitles him to. . . . He becomes content to idle away his time and brain in revelling in unstable happiness."

"She can work with him."

"Never," retorted the man. "No. . . . Compare life to a narrow path, bounded on both sides with high walls; along this path slowly comes a long line of men. They come slowly because every man is trying to pull down and trample over the one in front of him. A strong man unhampered by woman, may pull down and trample over the bodies of those who go before him, and so attain power and place; but woman acts as a brake to check his forward career, and thus burdened he must eventually be pushed aside, or fall beneath the stronger hand of an untrammelled fighter."

Then a silence fell upon them, and after a time he left her. As she watched his upright form disappear, she murmured to herself, "Isn't he splendid!" . . . By which it will be seen that they were both very young.

Let us again look at this man, twenty years later. . . . Ah! he is seated at dinner. . . . Opposite him is his wife. . . . Do we recognize the pale young lady of the rose?

"Marv," he exclaims petulantly, "this mayonnaise is detestable."

"Yes, darling; but run along now and get my things and your own or we shall be late."

"Yes dear," answers the former conqueror of empires, as he slinks away to the cloak-room.—L. Hudson Spence, in *The Pall Mall*.

## Attractions of Eastern Canada for Tourists and Sportsmen.

Eastern Canada possesses attractions for the tourist and sportsman unsurpassed by any other portion of North America. Glowing skies, magnificent coast scenery, behind which lurk fine harbors, rivers leading to lakes which Frechette calls "Sannhires dropped from the caskets of fairies," forests of pine, spruce waving birch and "quivering poplar," dark cedar and brilliant maple, and withal the cool air, which is life to the weary resident of the city who is fortunate enough to visit this land. For the sportsman these rivers and bays abound with fish of all descriptions, and in no part of America is there so much game, moose, caribou, deer, bear, etc.

For the lover of history and romance there are also many interests. Long before the Pilgrims landed on the dusky coast of New England venturesome fishermen from St. Malo and elsewhere in the old world came to ply their calling in the northern waters, which Jacques Cartier named the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleurs in 1534, and around the coasts of which, now forming the shores of the province of Quebec and northern New Brunswick, linger the shadows of romance, fame and glory.

To present a few of the attractions of this beautiful summer land, which notwithstanding the thousands who

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travel over the road each year is yet a veritable terra incognita to the average tourist and sportsman, the passenger department of the Intercolonial Railway has prepared a beautiful and useful series of booklets.

Then follow "Fishing and Hunting," "The Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs," "A Week in the Canadian Woods," "Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi" and "The Maritime Express," all of which are eminently practical subjects, indicated by their respective titles.

"Fishing and Hunting" has the game laws of the different provinces compiled in addition to tabulated information concerning the varieties of game and fish to be found in each locality along the whole line.

"The Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs" presents to its readers a short historical reference to the tribe for which it is named, and directs the lovers of rod and gun where to find victims.

"The Maritime Express" is really an annotated time table describing the locality of each station, and giving valuable information regarding business, sport and other data necessary or desired by travellers from Montreal to the eastern termini of the road.

A gentleman purchased at the post office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other postal requisites.

Finding them somewhat difficult to carry, he asked one of the counter clerks if he could supply him with a small quantity of string.

"We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply.

"Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort.

The string was supplied.—Sketch.



# Sporting Comment



Capt. Evans, of the Canadian Team.



Capt. Young, of the Philadelphians.

## INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

THE international cricket match was concluded on Tuesday, and resulted in the defeat of Canada by 80 runs.

Play began forty minutes late, but the crowd were rewarded for their patience by a sensation immediately occurring. With three wickets down for ten Dorman the not-out man of the night before, was accompanied to the wickets by Bohlén. The latter played the one ball remaining of Black's unfinished over, and then Dorman faced Hull. The first ball was fatal, coming back a bit and clean bowling the off stump—4 for 10. Le Roy came only to play just inside Hull's next, losing his middle stick—5 for 10. Only three balls had been now bowled, and two yal-

very wide one on the off and was taken at the wicket from the last ball before lunch, 9 for 125.

Bohlén played a beautiful game all round the wicket, making use of the drive, the pull, the cut and the glide, all with equal facility. He was missed by Terry behind the sticks at 33, but otherwise his innings was faultless. Sayen was 23 not out at the close of the morning's play.

The Americans did not last long after lunch, the one remaining wicket falling with the total at 170. Sayen having contributed 33, got chiefly by vicious pulls. This total left Canada with 228 to get to win.

The innings of the local men began with Evans and Hull, to the bowling of LeRoy and Cregar. Boxer

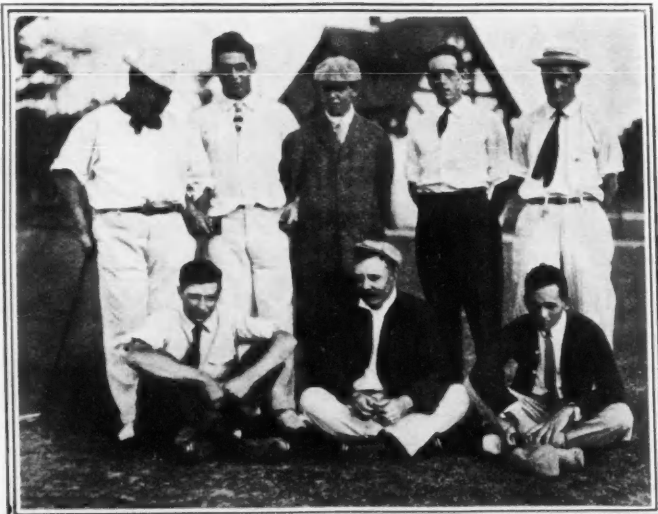
ball sent the leg bail flying to a distance of 36 yards from the stumps. Hamilton, the last man, continued the innings still further, but the cricket was of the most painfully tedious kind at this stage. However, Wookey electrified everybody by bringing his score to 50 with a hit which went the length of the ground, and on which the batsmen ran 6. In trying to repeat the stroke next ball he was clean bowled by Cregar, and the innings came to a close for 147 runs, leaving the Americans victorious by 80. The score:—

First Innings of United States.	
R. H. Patton, lb.w., b Wookey...	7
R. L. Pearson, c and b Sheather...	36
J. P. Dorman, c and b Wookey...	8
F. H. Bohlén, c Sheather, b Wookey...	6
C. B. Dixon, c Gausden, b Sheather...	40
E. M. Cregar, b Gausden...	9
S. Mifflin, b Whitaker...	29
J. R. Vetterlein, lb.w., b Gausden...	0
P. N. Le Roy, c Whitaker, b Hill...	21
W. N. Sayden, c Hill, b Wookey...	6
S. Young, not out...	13
Byes...	17
Leg byes...	13
Wide balls...	1
No balls...	1
Total...	207

Second Innings of United States.	
Pearson, b Black...	0
Dorman, b Hull...	5
Mifflin, b Black...	0
Cregar, b Black...	4
Bohlén c Terry, b Black...	57
Le Roy, b Hull...	0
Patton, b Black...	12
Dixon, lb.w., b Black...	0
Vetterlein, lb.w., b Wookey...	16
Sayen, lb.w., b Black...	33
Young, not out...	5
Byes...	7
Leg byes...	1
Total...	140

First Innings of Canada.	
H. C. Hill, b Le Roy...	57
E. G. Hull lb.w., b Cregar...	1
F. W. Terry, b Le Roy...	11
F. C. Evans b Le Roy...	0
A. Heighington, b Le Roy...	0
W. Whitaker, b Le Roy...	0
F. Hamilton, c and b Le Roy...	0
H. G. Wookey, b Patton...	9
L. J. Sheather, c Sayen, b Le Roy...	6
E. Gausden, run out...	14
L. Black, not out...	17
Byes...	2
Leg byes...	3
Total...	129

Second Innings of Canada.	
Evans b Le Roy...	0
Hill c Sayen, b Cregar...	0
Terry, b Cregar...	29
Sheather, c Sayen, b Cregar...	2
Hill, std. Dorman, b Cregar...	1
Wookey, b Cregar...	55
Whitaker, c Mifflin, b Cregar...	18
Gausden, b Cregar...	1
Black, std. Dorman, b Vetterlein...	8
Heighington, b Sayen...	16
Hamilton, not out...	13
Byes...	12
Leg byes...	1
Total...	147



THE VISITING GOLFERS

T. O. Horsman, Fred. Herreschoff, A. W. Tillinghast, W. T. West, Ralph Peters, G. M. Sherman, W. E. Conklyn, Warren Cochran.

uable wickets had fallen without increase to the score. However, Bohlén broke the spell with a single past mid on. Then he followed with a beautiful cut for three, and a four-hit to leg by way of emphasis. A pull to the on for five (all run) was his next notable stroke, and things seemed to be shaping nicely. But Patton, in a hurry to score, gave his wicket away in trying to pull one of Black's, which looked a bit short, and the score-board showed 6 for 39. Dixon, who had hit 40 in the first innings, went two balls later for nothing, a victim to Black, and matters looked serious indeed for the visitors—7 for 40. Black's analysis at this point read: 5 wickets, 10 runs.

Bohlén and Vetterlein becoming associated, a stand was made, and Bohlén eventually brought up 50 with a pretty leg glide to the boundary off Black. Vetterlein gave a hard chance to point at 62, and expressed his gratitude at being let off by Irving the next ball to the fence for four. Runs now began to come more freely. Bohlén treating the spectators to some charming cricket. Vetterlein broke up the partnership by jumping wildly out and trying to sweep Wookey to leg. He received the ball on his pad and was given out lb.w.—8 for 78. Sayen, the next batsman, proved strong into the stroke and several fours resulted in quick succession. Evans constantly chopped and changed his bowling, but runs kept on coming until the 100 was in sight. At 125, however, Bohlén made a foolish attempt to hit a

took strike and played a maiden from LeRoy. Then Cregar began at the south end and his first ball was taken on a catch in the slips, Hull having just touched it; 1 for 0. In the next over LeRoy rooted up Evans' leg stump and two wickets were down for 0. Terry came in amid applause, and promptly gave a chance at extra cover, which was not accepted. Matters looked a shade better when Terry brought to up with one of his sweetest late cuts. Sheather, however, in trying to get the wood on to one from Cregar was soon out, caught at short slip, and the third wicket had fallen for 17. Hill, the top scorer of the previous day, took the vacant crease, but in trying to reach a ball from Cregar was smartly stumped by Dorman, with only two runs added to the total, 4 for 19. Wookey now partnered Terry, but Terry's time had come, for in jumping out to drive Cregar he missed, and was clean bowled, 5 for 28. Whitaker treated the onlookers to a few lusty hits, which were much appreciated, but presently got too much under Cregar and was well taken by Mifflin on the boundary in front of the grand stand, 6 for 64. Gausden and Black contributed 1 and 8 respectively and then Heighington became the partner of Wookey, who was batting very stubbornly. A long period of exceedingly slow play ensued, but the score gradually crept up towards more respectable proportions. Many changes were tried, but the bowlers failed to dislodge either batsmen until Sayer's fast bowling was brought into use. It proved fatal to Heighington. The



Adèle.

After winning eight of the thirteen trial races between Adèle, Crusader and Aileen, Mr. Mulock's British-built boat was selected as challenger for the Canada Cup, which will be defended by Seneca. Mr. Acmillus Jarvis will sail Adèle, and Mr. A. G. Hanan, of New York, Seneca.

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THE contest for the lawn tennis city championship on Saturday on the Rusholme courts brought out one of the largest crowds ever seen at a lawn tennis match in Toronto. The weather conditions were ideal and the courts in splendid shape. Baird, the challenger, met Burns, the holder, in a game that will be long remembered by those fortunate enough to be present. The first set was won by Burns in splendid style, his cross-court plays and skillful passing at the net eliciting round after round of applause from the spectators. The next three sets were won by Baird, who developed increasing steadiness during the progress of the match, and finished remarkably strong. His back-hand strokes were steady and free, but Burns' lob were invariably well placed, and did not allow Baird to smash very frequently. The Rusholme player's great staying powers gradually wore down his brilliant opponent, and the match was finally won by Baird by the following score: 2-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.

Before the contest Mr. Burns drew the attention of the committee to the fact that the championship match of 1906 had not been played, but the Rusholme tournament committee, acting under instructions from the Secretary of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Association, insisted that Mr. Burns appear and defend the title.

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steps to rec Gordon Cr favorite and

"How do see you! man, as he dog-cart "All

steps. "Yes, tha

old man r there's no c he added ap expect you Dudley he's to see abou for the the

"Mrs. C young man, ulster and gloves.

"No, sir, some calls, other gentl hounds, I

hone by t your things thing, Mr. or a whisk He shook

is Miss A asked.

"Yes, s them come ricals. Mi



## AN UNLUCKY REHEARSAL

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SILEBY GRANGE had received a guest, and old Joseph, the butler, heedless of his rheumatics and the cold east wind, hurried out on to the broad steps to receive him in person, for Gordon Crawford was a general favorite and a frequent visitor.

"How do you do, Joseph? Glad to see you!" exclaimed a tall young man, as he sprang down from the dog-cart and walked lightly up the steps. "All well, eh?"

"Yes, thank you sir," replied the old man respectfully. "I'm afraid there's no one in just now though," he added apologetically. "They didn't expect you quite so soon and Mr. Dudley he's gone over to Harborough, to see about getting the stage fixed for the theatricals."

"Mrs. Carr in?" inquired the young man, divesting himself of his ulster and leisurely drawing off his gloves.

"No, sir. She's gone out to pay some calls, and Mr. Willie and the other gentlemen are out after the hounds. Howsoever, they'll be home by the time you've changed your things, sir. Will you take anything, Mr. Crawford? A cup of tea, or a whiskey and seltzer?"

He shook his head.

"No, thanks. By the bye, Joseph, is Miss Allnut stopping here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. There's several of them come on purpose for the theatricals. Miss Botsworth's here, too,

irresistibly charming. He watched her for a moment with a pleased, happy smile of anticipation, and then raised his hand to knock at the window. A movement within the room, however, arrested him, and he remained watching. A tall, athletic-looking man in scarlet hunting-coat and tops splashed from head to foot, evidently just returned from the hunt, had moved to her side, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, began talking earnestly. Her laugh died away and she glanced downwards to where her tiny foot was tracing out the pattern of the hearthrug. He moved closer still and continued talking more emphatically than ever, apparently gaining boldness from his companion's confusion. He took her hand unbidden, passed his arm round her waist, and her sudden joyful cry of "Lionel! dearest Lionel!" penetrated through the closed windows. With a barely repressed groan, and a white, set face the watcher on the terrace moved away.

Six months ago Gordon Crawford had met Edith Allnut at this same house. He was not a man who, as a rule, contracted sudden likes or dislikes, but in less than a week he was hopelessly in love. Her lively conversation and bewitching manners had at first attracted, then completely enslaved him, and for a while he lived in a fool's paradise. Then his sense of honor brought him a rude awakening. A slight change in her manner, the frequent aversion of her

his son had been the worthless scrip. One evening, whilst Gordon sat alone in his chambers, idly glancing through the columns of the London Globe, a startling announcement attracted his attention.

There had been a great find of silver in a Californian mine, the name of which seemed familiar to him. Half dazed, he caught up his hat and hurried out with the paper in his hand. All the way down the Strand the name rang in his ears, shouted out by eager newsboys, and stared him in the face from placards. At Charing Cross he ran against his stockbroker, the man whom he most desired to see. In a moment the glad tidings were confirmed. He was a rich man.

Almost the first to congratulate him was his old friend, Dudley Carr, whom he encountered coming out of a costumer's in Bond Street. The two men dined and spent the evening together.

"I wish you'd come down and spend a day or two with us, old man," Dudley had said, as they parted. "We're getting up some theatricals. They'll be rather fun, and your old flame, Miss Allnut, is stopping with us. Come down to-morrow, do."

The invitation was exactly what Gordon Crawford desired, and accordingly on the very next day he had followed his friend down to Sibley Grange.

He was a man of strong nature, and his penchant for Edith Allnut had been no passing fancy. His first thought when he realized his wealth had been of her, and his first throb of joy had been caused by the reflection that he might now seek to win her. He had hurried down to Sibley Grange full of hope, and he had arrived just in time to see her in another man's arms, and hear her lips utter caressingly another man's name. What a fool he had been, and what a flirt she was!

Soon Dudley, all over white and sawdust, came hurrying up from the scene of his labors and welcomed his guest heartily. Then Mrs. Carr, his mother, returned, and presently Edith appeared. She welcomed him almost shyly, and there was a subdued, half-conscious light in her eyes which puzzled him. He muttered a stereotyped answer to her little speech, cursing her the while under his breath for a flirt, and then turned coldly away to continue his conversation with Mrs. Carr.

During dinner he sat glum and silent, eating scarcely anything, and drinking a great deal more than usual. Opposite him sat Miss Allnut, with an unusual color in her cheek, and a brilliant sparkle in her eyes, talking with reckless gaiety to her right-hand neighbor, whom Crawford easily recognized as her red-coated cavalier. Afterwards when Dudley rose and proposed joining the ladies, he flatly refused to enter the drawing-room, and persuaded good-natured old Colonel Jossier to accompany him into the billiard-room. For a while they were alone, but suddenly, when they were in the midst of the third game, there was the sound of merry voices and footsteps outside, and the door was burst open.

"Sorry to disturb you fellows," Dudley cried out, "but we want to have a rehearsal here. No, don't go away, Gordon, there's a good fellow. We want you to play the part of criticising audience. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing, you know," and very unwillingly Gordon Crawford resumed his seat on a lounge and took up a paper. He listened to Dudley's coaching, to the merry laughter and badinage, and he felt very sore. Despite his efforts, he could not keep his eyes from following Edith, as, clad in a gown of soft black lace, which hung gracefully around her supple figure, she moved brightly about the centre of all the mirth. Bah! how happy they all were, and how miserable he was! Suddenly he started, and the paper fell from his hand. He leaned forward, with eyes riveted upon the little group.

Miss Allnut and Mr. Scott (the man whom he had seen with her in the library) were alone on the pretended stage. He advanced towards her, leaned over the back of the chair, and made an ardent speech; moved closer still, and finally, in conventional terms, made her a proposal of marriage. She blushed, looked down, and accepted him whispering, "Dearest Lionel!" He put his arm around her waist, and then, just as the infuriated guardian entered, Dudley stopped the scene.

"It won't do at all," he declared. "Scott my dear fellow, you'll excuse me, but you must improve in this scene. You're fearfully stiff, and Harborough audiences are critical, I can tell you."

"I'm beastly sorry," declared Mr. Scott ruefully. "I'm an awful duffer

(Concluded on page 19.)

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"Your part begins here."

and Dr. Thomson, and another young gentleman from Sorchester. Miss Allnut's in the study now, sir, if you'd like to see her—leastways, I mean the library."

The information seemed to please Mr. Gordon Crawford.

"I'll go in and see her," he exclaimed with alacrity. "No, you needn't trouble to announce me," he added hastily, as Joseph turned away with that intention. "I'm going round by the terrace. Have my traps sent up, there's a good fellow, and some hot water. I shan't be more than a minute or two."

Joseph turned away with a quiet chuckle. "I allus thought he was rare sweet on Miss Allnut," he ruminated. "That's what he's come back for, of course," and he descended to the lower regions to impart this delightful gossip to his better half.

Gordon Crawford walked quietly down the wide hall, passed through a conservatory, and stepped out on to a terrace which ran along the side of the house. Outside the high French windows of the library he paused and looked eagerly in. This is what he saw.

A girl stood on the hearthrug in the act of indulging in a merry laugh. Her small but well-poised head was thrown back, and the merriment was shining out of her eyes as well as asserting itself from her lips. She was petite in stature, but her figure was lithe and exquisitely graceful. Her features, though not of classical regularity, were clear cut and of good type, and the bright, piquant expression, which animated her face and shone out of her blue eyes, redeemed her face from the mediocrity of good looks, and made her appear

blue eyes which had formerly met him so frankly and fearlessly, warned him that unless he wished to behave like a brute he must be gone. Marriage was an impossibility for him. He was a well-nigh briefless barrister, without fortune, influence, or prospects and life, as it was, was somewhat of a struggle. Under such circumstances, even an engagement was out of the question.

He had met her in the garden, on the morning of his departure, and had taken leave of her there.

"You are going away sooner than you intended, Mr. Crawford," she remarked, looking away from him.

He laughed a little bitterly. "I fear that I have taken too long a holiday already," he replied. "I am a poor man, you know, Miss Allnut, and life is not golf and shooting for me."

She looked at him curiously. "Is it so hard a thing to be poor, then?" she asked.

"I begin to realize that it is," he said, and, fearful of saying too much, he said no more.

They turned towards the house, and the bright expression had vanished for a while from her face.

"Well, since you must go, Mr. Crawford, good-bye," and she held out a little white hand. He took it and gazed into her eyes. What he read there he never told anyone, but he went back to his chambers and worked as he had never worked before.

Barely six months had passed, when an event happened which considerably changed the tenor of his life. His father had died some ten years back, a poor man, ruined through heavy investments in some silver mines, and his sole legacy to



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, (Established 1857) Agents





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## !?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

### It Pays to be Courteous.

A TORONTO newspaper man relates an interesting experience, which seems to prove that it is not in the Sunday school books alone that little acts of kindness bring substantial returns.

One morning a stranger entered the newspaper quarters and enquired the whereabouts of a well known Canadian journalist. The young editor could not give the desired information, but offered to get it by telegraphing a query to Ottawa. The stranger called that afternoon, was given the address of the man he sought and went away. The newspaper man thought no more of the incident until several weeks had passed, when he received a letter bearing a maritime postmark. It was from the enquiring stranger, who wished to know if the press man would consider the offer of the managing editorship of a new daily to be started down by the sea. The scribe, while not seeing his way clear to make a change, resolved to profit by a lesson which showed that seemingly trivial acts of courtesy might bear unexpected and valuable dividends.

### "Billy" Gray's Geniality.

"BILLY" GRAY, Conservative candidate in London for two strenuous campaigns, tells a couple of personal experiences which not only aptly illustrate the proverb of "bread upon the waters," but also explain his personal popularity.



"Some fifteen or eighteen years ago," says Mr. Gray, "long before I thought of entering politics, I had been out paying a social call in Pottersburg, London's most eastern suburb. In going back to the city I walked to what was then the terminus of the street car line and waited for the horse car which plied its infrequent trips. I was soon joined by another expectant passenger.

Being of a sociable nature I invited him to a neighboring bar for refreshments, and in addition I bought him a cigar and paid his fare on the car. The incident passed at once from my mind, but I was to hear of it again. Four years ago, in my first campaign against Mr. Hyman, in the course of the canvass I entered a blacksmith shop and asked the man at the forge for his vote. The warmth of his reply astonished me.

"I'm the hottest Liberal in town," he said, as he shook my hand, "but I'll vote for you, Billy Gray. Don't you remember the night we waited for the car at Egerton street?"

"The blacksmith was as good as his word, for he resisted all the arguments of his erstwhile party friends and was one of my warmest supporters.

"In that same campaign an elderly lady whom I did not know personally, visited every single house in London West and canvassed for me. I wondered at her enthusiasm, until I found later that years before when she had been taken ill on the street I had put her on the street car and taken her to her home. The old lady had not forgotten that trifling act, and her gratitude took the practical form I have described."

### Toronto Professor Honored.

THE honor of a place on the pages of one of the great historical reviews of England, The Edinburgh and The Quarterly, is one but rarely accorded a Canadian. These great and authoritative publications have for over

a hundred years drawn the very highest talent to their pages from all ranks of society. Noblemen, diplomats, great scholars, as well as the most gifted literary men, swell the august ranks of their contributors.

The honor of admission to The Quarterly, however, has been won by Prof. Simon J. McLean, of Toronto University, who in the July issue contributes a thirty-page consideration of "President Roosevelt and the Trusts," for the information of its world wide circle of British readers. The Quarterly some years ago abandoned the practice of anonymity, still adhered to by The Edinburgh, that is to say, it is optional with the contributor whether he signs his article or not. Consequently Prof. McLean and his university get credit for the article, which is concise, impartial and illuminating. He is a young man, a graduate of Toronto University who took up post graduate work abroad, and a year or so ago was appointed associate to Prof. Mavor in the chair of Political Economy. He is well equipped by personal observation for his review, inasmuch as he was for some time a lecturer in one of the American universities. While Prof. McLean deals with President Roosevelt's various policies of the last two years in an impartial way he holds that they lead logically to a systematic redistribution of wealth, a task for which to Federal Government is manifestly unsuited.

### The "Caps" Bravery.

THESE who know Capt. John Sullivan, the ancient mariner who acquired some political fame a few years ago, recognize in him not only one of the bravest sailors on the great lakes, but a droll and waggish man under his saturnine aspect. It will be remembered that when his vessel, the Resolute, foundered in a gale off the western gap last autumn he, after sending his crew away on the life boat, clung to the cabin top which was washed adrift and was finally driven on to shore after the boat with the crew had foundered in the darkness. This action of his has been accounted one of the most creditable in the annals of lake sailing, and his subsequent escape one of the most miraculous. A few days after the wreck an old acquaintance met him and warmly congratulated him on the preservation of his life.

The captain thanked him and then remarked:

"Say, this fellow Sheard you've got up at the City Hall is no kind of a man!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, the day after I'd been floating round in the lake for hours he ordered people to boil their drinking water!"

### A New Order Proposed.

THE public nowadays is accustomed to see pictures of prominent politicians "fraternizing" with the electorate. Fraternization, if the term may be coined without too great an assault on the English dictionary, is now recognized as a good substitute in politics for sincere study and a deep grasp of public questions. In fact it used to be a constantly uttered reproach against Hon. J. P. Whitney that he was not a good "mixer," and the fear was expressed that he would never obtain power owing to his indifference to the gentle art of slapping the elector and saying: "Hello, Bill!"

With the correct intonation. One of the claims put forward by the friends of Hon. G. P. Graham, in pressing his candidacy for the leadership of the Liberal party, was that he was a good mixer, and Liberal organs delight to print his picture in the act of fraternizing.

The custom was introduced into Canadian politics by Sir John A. Macdonald, who was adept and resourceful in the art, but was never a recognized criterion of statesmanship until within the past ten or fifteen years. Since the cumbersome phrase is destined to pass into the vocabulary of politics the writer suggests that it be shortened on the lines adopted by university scholars, who universally term the establishment of their Greek letter societies "frat houses." Let "fratting" stand for fraternizing and "frater" for the man who practices the act. Then the reports of political gatherings would read:

"The meeting wound up with cheers for the King and for the honored leader, after which the latter geniality fratted with the electors for a few minutes and made an excellent impression."

### Confusing Sir Wilfrid.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is rarely confused in debate. He is particularly quick when on the stump in catching up an interrupter in the audience and almost invariably has the better of the exchange of remarks. Should Sir Wilfrid at the present time turn his mind to the fall of 1895 when he addressed several meetings in Labelle county, he might recall an instance when he was for a minute or two at loss for a reply. The occasion was the introduction of Mr. Bourassa, as Liberal candidate for Labelle, to the electors of the town of Buckingham and district. The hall in which the meeting was held was crowded and Sir Wilfrid, then without the title, was accompanied by Senator Edwards, Mr. Devlin, late member of the Imperial House, and a number of other Liberal stalwarts.

When the Liberal leader arose there was a great burst of cheering. As it died away the little silence occurred which usually precedes the first words of a speaker. It was then that a local half-witted character, Jack O'Brien by name, startled the assembly by calling out from a position near the door in a loud, raucous voice: "Three cheers for one hundred million Conservatives!" The hall was largely filled with stout Tories, and the hearty laugh that greeted the sally confused Sir Wilfrid for a moment. He, however, recovered himself with the remark that the speaker must be a new Rip Van Winkle, and in a rather serious vein proceeded to prove that one hundred million Conservatives was an impossibility. With that he passed on to his main address.

The incident, however, gave the Conservative newspapers the following day an opportunity to poke fun at Sir Wilfrid by reporting that he had spent his time in replying to Jack O'Brien. O'Brien, by the way, got mixed up in an assault case shortly after and died in jail while serving a term.

### A Governor With a Big Heart.

LEUTENANT-GOVERNOR BULYEA of the province of Alberta, betrays his Dutch descent in his name. He is most unassuming in his manners, and loves a fast horse. A little incident which occurred when the Baptist convention for the prairie provinces was being held at Edmonton in June, illustrates both these features of his character excellently. Baron Uxkull, the Russian Baptist leader, was present at the convention and was entertained by the governor, who is a Baptist. Sunday evening the baron had a preaching engagement at Strathcona. The two cities are on the opposite shores of the North Saskatchewan, and Baron Uxkull was driven over to his appointment. The writer chanced to be on the bridge which spans the river, about eight o'clock, watching the water, then in flood, when he noticed a magnificent team of pure black horses drive across. It was the governor, driving his own team and going to Strathcona to bring back the distinguished guest.

He had driven away from the bridge a few rods when he stopped suddenly. A laborer, his wife, and two children were making the journey between the sister cities on foot. His Excellency insisted that they all ride with him. Not till he got the four safely packed away in his double-seated buggy did he drive on.

The little act of kindness was done in the most unassuming manner, and apparently without the least thought of official dignity. Westerners can tell of scores of similar instances, and it is the simple kindness of this man that has made him so popular in the province of which he is the governor.

### Says the West Has too Much Sunshine.

THAT the same causes which oppose the successful colonization of the tropics by white men may also interfere with them in a northern climate would appear unlikely. That this may be true of Western Canada, which is described as practically a cloudless region, is suggested by an editorial writer in The Medical Record of New York. His headline asks the question: "Are the Settlers of Western Canada Doomed to Failure?" and after describing the recent enormous migration to this region, now generally considered the most promising in the world, he goes on to say:

"There is but one cloud overshadowing this hoped-for prosperity, and this is, to abandon the language of metaphor for that of fact, the absence of cloud. The country is one of almost continuous sunshine, the brilliancy of the light equaling that of the tropics, and if it is really the light rather than the heat which bars tropical lands to the white man, as Woodruff contends, the prosperity of the Canadian Northwest promises to be short-lived."

"As those who have read Major Woodruff's interesting book know, he holds that the failure of the white races to colonize the tropics is due, not to the heat of these regions, but to the excess of light which there prevails. . . . The white man, especially the blond, suffers in the tropics; after a period of exhilaration and sense of well-being, he becomes disinclined to labor, grows neurasthenic and finally breaks down physically and mentally."

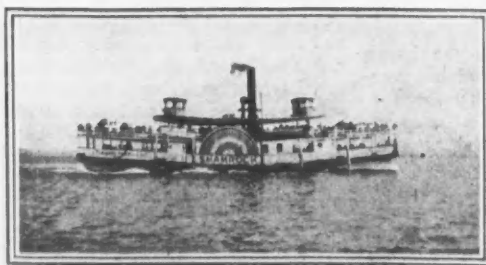
But does this apply to a sunny northern climate like that of the great Canadian West? At least one writer thinks so. In The Western Canada Medical Journal, the Rev E. C. Heustis asserts that the inhabitants of Manitoba and adjacent territories are unduly neurasthenic, and he attributes this to excess of sunshine. In the same journal Dr. A. G. Welsford controverts Mr. Heustis's contention, conceding that sunlight destroys protoplasm, but asserting that the actinic rays do not penetrate to the deeper tissues. The reason why Europeans do not thrive in the tropics is, he maintains, that they are used to colder climates. If denizens of Northern Canada suffer from neurasthenia, this is due in no respect to the sunshine, except as its tonic properties may indirectly lead to undue expenditure of energy. Long-continued sunshine, he admits, may prove exhausting, but he rejects Woodruff's theory of its action, attributing its possible evil effects to eye-strain, resulting from the glare. Of this theory the writer in The Medical Record says:

"We fear Dr. Welsford has not proved his case, for he concedes that intense sunlight may be injurious, differing from Woodruff and Heustis only in his explanation of its action."

"An interesting experiment is being worked out in Manitoba, and it is one which should in its results confirm or refute Woodruff's theory. If he is correct, the movement of wheat-growers, most of whom are Scandinavians of men of other blond races, to Northwest Canada is doomed to failure. Those who are now building up the country will fall by the way and their farms will be abandoned or will be taken by fresh immigrants ignorant of the forces against which they will in vain contend. If the prosperity of the Northwest continues, if the population is permanent, and if success rewards the labors of the settlers in this land of sunshine, Major Woodruff will have to add a chapter to his interesting book, explaining the antidotal effect of cold, or of some other natural force, upon the deleterious action of sunlight."

Booker T. Washington, in the course of a lecture delivered at Wooster, Ohio, said that during a recent conversation with the President he had asked him if he would accept another nomination. The President did not reply with directness, but remarked merely that he liked his job.

Berlin university is the most numerous attended seat of learning in the world. It contains 7774 matriculated and 1330 non-matriculated students. All the states of Germany, and every country in Europe, from Norway to Sicily, from Ireland to Russia, are represented in its classrooms.



Here is a picture of the Shamrock, the ferry which was destroyed by fire this week, printed for the sake of sentimentalists who once were boys, in the days when the Shamrock and Thistle were the floating palaces of the Hanlan's Point route. It is a snapshot made a couple of weeks ago, to satisfy a desire for a memento of the old times, in full realization of the fact that the Shamrock would not "leave her pluck" the waters of Toronto Bay looking just as she did twenty years ago.

## Stories Told by T. P. O'Connor

From F. T. O.

HERE are some amusing yarns about the "adventurous" Kaid Maclean, who seems, from all one hears, to be making as astonishing an impression on his gaoler, Raisuli, as on all the other people he has met with in his extraordinary life. The Kaid, when in Morocco, of course, dresses like a Moor, and looks like one. Talk to him, however, and you immediately recognize the Scot. A Scotsman who was travelling in Morocco came into contact with the Sultan's court, where, as all the world knows, the Kaid was the right-hand man. Maclean's European features encouraged the Scot to approach him in quest of information. Being a linguist, he thought he could make himself understood. He first tried French. There was no response. German and Italian also failed. At last he said, in a half-subdued tone, "Am struck noo." Guess his surprise when Maclean replied, "Na, ye're no. Hoo didn't ye speak yer mither tongue?" That incident took place some years ago, but Kaid Maclean still retains his "mither" tongue, as is pretty evident from the reply which he recently gave to a pressman who endeavored to interview him in London: "Ma conscience, mon, I hinna time. I'm just bunged up wi' work."

Perhaps the most thrilling episode in Kaid Maclean's adventurous career was the ruse by which he concealed, for political purposes, the death of the late Sultan, whom he had faithfully served for a quarter of a century. He had accompanied the Sultan on many terrible expeditions, and was with him on that last dread march from Marrakesh to Rabat, when the "son of Mahomet," a weary and broken old man, succumbed to the hardships of a forced passage across the Atlas Mountains and the ordeal of a rebellious people. It was imperative to conceal the death of the Sultan until his favorite son and successor could be safely proclaimed. For days, therefore, the body of "My Lord El Hasan" was borne in a litter, attended with all the state of a barbaric court. Under this mockery of green and gold trappings lay the corpse, to which sheikhs and khalfas paid homage as to the living. Not until Mulai Abd-el-Aziz had reached Rabat in safety and had been proclaimed Emperor, was the body of his father laid beside his ancestor, Sidi Mahomet. The coffin was carried into Rabat through a hole in the city wall at the dead of night.

The Duke of Devonshire, as all the world knows, never went in much for dress, consequently his presence as a pedestrian in the West End was hardly ever noticed. When Marquis of Hartington it was his daily practice to walk from the House, up Waterloo Place, down Piccadilly to Devonshire House, taking mental note of the people he passed, and always being interested in the shop windows. He generally stood for some time looking at the photos shown at the stationers. One day a man and a woman were looking at the same photos. "Look, Mary," said the man, "this one's the Marquis of Hartington, son of the Duke of Devonshire." "Oh, John," said the woman, "I may be ignorant, but I ain't no fool. That kind of looking chap the son of a Duke! No nonsense for me. Come on." The Duke must have thought of the proverb about listeners.

This story recalls another about the late Duke. He was patron of a certain Midland college, and was a large contributor to a fund providing an expensive organ for the newly-erected chapel there. On the day the organ was opened he attended and presided at the dinner that followed. During the service in the chapel no one sang more heartily, but he and the trained choir were at variance as to tune. The organist, getting annoyed, sent round a verger to stop someone in the congregation from singing out of tune so loud. The man came back whispering, "It's the Duke." "I don't care if it's an archangel—stop him," said the organist. However, the service ended without the Duke being spoken to.

This new story of the late Mr. Gladstone has recently been told by Colonel Darbishire at Penmaenmawr. Once, when the great statesman was staying at the Carnarvonshire watering-place, there was to be an autumn session of Parliament, when "Mr. Marriott's Amendment"—in connection with a famous debate in the House of Commons—had to be dealt with. The then Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. Gibson, was also at Penmaenmawr, and both gentlemen were one day seen walking together on the promenade. At the spectacle of two political opponents on terms of such intimacy the visitors were greatly struck, and those who understood and were interested in the trend of Parliamentary events were heard whispering together and saying, "Now Mr. Marriott's amendment is being settled." But the confabbing of the two great men had no political significance whatever. Colonel Darbishire's eldest son, then a little fellow, had been playing near where Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gibson were conversing, and the quick-witted lad afterwards told his father that "they were not talking about Mr. Marriott's amendment." "What I heard Mr. Gladstone say was," related the colonel's precocious son, "I do not find the bathing of this place quite so interesting as on the Continent, because the ladies wear such ugly bathing dresses!" A remark which shows how cosmopolitan Mr. Gladstone was even in trivial matters!

There is a story on record of the efforts Mr. Pierpont Morgan's father made to launch his son in business. The elder Morgan said to a friend the president of a large marine insurance company: "Please throw anything you can in the way of my son, J. Pierpont Morgan." The friend transferred five shares of stock in the company to the young man, and had him elected a director. Young Morgan attended the directors' meetings regularly, for there was a ten-dollar piece for each member of the board present, but he never opened his lips except to vote, and he always voted as the president did. At the end of his term he was politely relieved of his position, and the financier wrote to his father that he did not think anything could be done with his son, who seemed to take no interest in business.

It is recounted of Mr. Pierpont Morgan that he once did a poor man a good turn by buying his share in a lottery. The share won the prize, and Mr. Morgan was so delighted with the result of his charity that he told the man he would give him £2,000 a year for life. Instead of showing gratitude the man said he would prefer £4,000 down. "But why?" asked the astonished millionaire. "Because," was the reply, "with yer darned luck, Mr. Morgan, I should be dead in six months!"



# THE TERCENTENARY PERIOD OF CANADA

By the VISCOUNT DE FRONSAC.

[Viscount de Fronsac, who contributes this article to SATURDAY NIGHT, is Herald-Marshal of the Arden and Seigneurial Order and College of Arms of Canada, under whose auspices Montreal's celebration of the third century of the establishment of Canada will be held in 1909. The article has very considerable interest, as expressing the views of a member of the old French seigneurial order in this country on the development of modern Canada. We may not agree with the writer in all that he says, but he makes some points that are well worth considering, and much historic interest attaches to the subject of his reflections.—EDITOR.]

In 1908 the people in several parts of Canada will celebrate the tercentenary of Champlain's definite settlement of the country, and, therefore, of the assurance that the feudal constitution established previously by King Henry IV. was to be given a steady colonial organization, which became a provincial one in 1663-4.

In consideration of the growing uncertainty of Canadian politics, of the ignorance and venality of Canadian politicians, and of the greater interest these things are attracting in the United States, the following review is opportune.

It is 300 years since the foot of the first European colonist was put definitely on the soil of Canada. At Port Royal, in Acadia, now Annapolis, Nova Scotia, Champlain established the beginning of the first town. His companions counted among their number Baron de Poutrincourt, the historian L'Escabot, gentlemen, soldiers, traders and farmers. The history of this first establishment reveals the difference which subsists between their conception of life in the new world and that of colonists of today. Then: idealism, poetry, chivalry exemplified. Now: materialism rampant, thirst for wealth alone, contempt for high ideals. In commenting on this theme it is passable to admit the degeneracy of the human race. But before this it should be said that the first colonization was made by France—the nation originating the idealism of modern Europe, while later colonizations have been made by the Anglo-Saxons—a nation the mother of modern materialism and the chief sustainer of things purely commercial.

The first colonists of Port Royal addressed themselves to the beauties of nature and added the artistic to the useful. In front of every little villa and cottage was a garden in which was guarded carefully the culture of those flowers which had been brought in seed from France; while along the roads leading from Annapolis to Clementsport may be seen to-day the willow-sprouts growing in the second generation from the ornamental trees that had been brought from France.

They went beyond this mere ornamentation of their surroundings, however. For their maintenance of the social spirit, an altruism that would be incomprehensible to Ottawa society of to-day, they formed the Order of Good Times (Ordre des Bons Temps). This order was intended to bring joy and extend hospitality to all. It had its periodical feasts at which the high steward presided with chain of office and regalia, while the doors were thrown open and good cheer offered even to the wandering Indian. At these feasts the poet recited, the historian commented, and toasts were drunk to the King of France, Great Henry, the "White Plume of Navarre." All this is related by Lescabot in his "History of New France" for he was one of the company. This picture on the verge of the wilderness of Acadia bordered by the verdant shores that extend inward from the Bay of Fundy, so noble, so picturesque, so brave in its beauty and chivalry, cannot be mated with that of any other colonization on the American continent. But this bright scene passed away soon in conflicts against the English.

Now another nation has participated in the founding of Canada; idealist like France, her ally for more than five centuries; a nation bearing in its arms the blazon of the *fleurs de lys* in "a tressure flory-counter-flory" in memory of the high esteem of France; a nation whose great families derived from the Frank and the Norman have allied themselves by marriage again and again with those of France into similar society. This nation, Scotland, made a commencement in Nova Scotia also, and on a similar royal plan with her seigneurs as baronets of Nova Scotia. Some of these degrees were conferred in friendship on the French, as on the La Tours, and then the whole became blended again in 1632 as Acadia restored.

What surprises the stranger in Ottawa, the capital of Canada, above everything else is the carrying of prejudice into a desire to ignore the race of the founders. No where does the stranger see monuments to the memory and exploits of the founders. The capital building is as destitute of historic memorials as though Canada was without a history. Even the original and only legitimate arms of Canada, those granted in 1664, are suppressed, or forgotten. In every capital of the world of which travelers have left descriptions are to be found among their most cherished memorials the statues, monuments and arms of the founders of their nationality. In the great nation of the south, in Washington the capital of the United States, in the chief edifice of government, are representations of Columbus landing on San Salvador as admiral of the Indies and viceroy, surrounded by his soldiers and retinue. Further on is the picture of Balboa in armor, knee-deep in the waters of the Pacific, assuming control in the name of the King of Spain with the royal standard of Castile and Leon in the left hand and drawn sword in the right. Next are arranged in the romantic and historic attire of their times the pictures of La Salle and de Soto and the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." Even the little attempt at a celebration in 1904 was frowned on at Ottawa, while the Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal Star declared that he would not notice it, as it was not of "sufficient importance."

The Constitution of France, with all the benefits of its experienced commentators, handed down by the culture of ages from the imperial splendors of the feudal civilization with generous additions and chivalric belongings of the Franks, of Charlemagne and of his paladins, and their successors, was made the Constitution of Canada in 1663 with an autonomous government, so that Canada might be a grand feudatory of the Crown, even as Normandy and Brittany and Guienne and Provence were grand feudatories, or states, in the imperial French monarchy. For a hundred years this constitution was a source of good being, of contentment and of security to every class of the population to resist the outnumbering hosts of the English who were thrown back again and again, until, not yet conquered, the country was ceded in a moment of weakness by the treaty of 1763.

But this treaty declared on the part of King George III, that the constitution, established by his predecessors, should continue the constitution of the country as well, with all the institutions with which it is composed. By this constitution was defined organized:

- (1) The functions of the executive power. (2) The privilege of the nobility. (3) The establishments of the clergy.

When Canada passed to the crown of England in 1763 all these functions were outlined clearly, but since that epoch there has happened a disorganization, a devolution of the living body of the people. The executive power under English rule, has become a nullity; the privileges of the noblesse are ignored; the establishments of the clergy remain intact, but no one can foretell the direction of the march of the democratic majorities that are increasing in the country, or when it will exercise through parliament not only parliamentary jurisdiction, but the prerogatives of the executive power, without the restraining influence of crown and the noblesse.

This regime of devolution, of disorganization, leads but to revolt when the body politic become deranged beyond its equilibrium in the eyes of the high, intelligent and forceful classes of a country. The unrestricted parliamentary rule of the majority in power has led to this in every land and time where it has occurred, when the executive power has become too weak, too insignificant to veto and range about itself an opposition from the nobles of the constitutionalists. When Charles I. of England was dethroned by parliament, its excesses aroused an Oliver Cromwell to throttle it; and at his death, before parliament could recover, Gen. Monk and his Scottish army marched into London and proclaimed Charles II. as king. When Louis XVI. with unkingly spirit, refused the advice of his marshals to quell parliament by the bayonets of his troops, that parliament triumphed over him, brought him to the block, revolutionized France with the murder of 200,000 of the best people, until Napoleon took up the executive power that was fallen in the dust and put his iron heel on the head of the parliament for the glory and welfare of France. And before the time of these excesses, when the parliament of Rome, assassinated by the ungrateful Brutus the noble Caesar, it was Caesar's nephew, Augustus, who erected an empire on that parliament's grave.

The government of the majority must be restrained, so its ignorant and unethical members are sure to go to unconstitutional length in search of self-interest, in opposition to the interests of the majority and of individual liberty. The fault of this is that the executive and legislative powers as well as the judiciary, under the system of majority rule are one and the same—a colossal and unconstitutional engine of tyranny that can be controlled only by a king, supported by the best and bravest of the people.

The Constitution of Canada, as granted by the King of France, established by the King of England in the treaty of 1763, and re-affirmed by the Quebec Act of 1774, provides a remedy for all such disorder; but it is not observed, and, consequently, the government of the country, while being *de facto* is certainly not *de jure*. And so the great danger that menaces the future of the country is this legitimate power of parliament, with which each changing majority may oppress a minority and deprive it of representatives and even of defence; a power that can annul rights and privileges without opposition, even annihilate the liberty of the individual.

The Crown of France left an executive which could curb this tendency with an iron hand and imperial veto, supported by the arms and loyalty of the seigneurs. The executive power of the Crown in Canada, different from that in England bears within its meaning a corrective influence over parliamentary outbursts, and a guard against the appointments of incompetents to executive office merely because they are partisans of a majority in the legislature.

The duty of the Crown, or executive, in Canada now is as great and important as when exercised by the Crown of France. But the functions of it cannot be exercised by a person 3000 miles away, across the sea, who is not a king but only a colonial minister, himself the creature of a parliamentary majority, and who has no knowledge of the Constitution of Canada which, "don't you know," is beneath his notice.

Until Canada has its own executive, independent of both an English and a Canadian parliament, in the sense of functional duty, these questions are likely to return to be answered more forcefully as time goes on. This 300th anniversary of the founding of the country is not an inopportune time to notice what from this date onward will be the chief political problem of Canadian history.

## Re-Making the Russian Army

From The Literary Digest.

WAR'S sternest lessons are those which armies and their commanders learn in the hour of defeat. The soldiers of Russia were taught in Manchuria that they were badly commanded, badly paid, and badly fed and clothed. Confronted by the skill, organization, and efficiency of the Japanese, they were as sheep driven to the shambles. Such a condition of things has not been overlooked by Nicholas II. Captain Witzleben, a German officer of the General Staff, tells us in *Nord und Sud* (Berlin) that at this moment great reforms are being projected by the Czar, and that this sovereign and his councilors have already made many important changes in the administration of the national army. Captain Witzleben thus states the principal defects of the military forces which were sent into the field against Japan:

"The more profoundly we study the details of the Russo-Japanese War and investigate the circumstances by which an army of such strength and with such a brilliant past could end in such a frightful catastrophe, the more we are persuaded that such disaster was not merely the outcome of antiquated tactics, deficiency in armament and equipment, or incapacity of commanders, but, more important still, there was bad organization in the army itself; little care was taken of the men, the petty officers were incapable, and there was actually no sufficient body of higher officers to lead the rank and file—hence the tragic ending of the expedition."

Some of these defects in the army have been already remedied by imperial ukase says the writer we are citing. The army is to be rejuvenated by reducing the time of service for infantry and mounted artillery from four to three years, and for all other arms of the service from five to four years. Measures have also been taken to secure a supply of experienced and enthusiastic petty officers.

Much of the miseries of the troops in Manchuria resulted from insufficient pay, clothing, and rations. How

this is now to be remedied the present writer explains as follows:

"The most important step which the Czar has taken toward re-organizing the personnel of the army is the increase of pay to the troops. The inadequacy of the Russian soldiers' means of support, whether in the matter of pay, rations, clothing, or other necessities, was recognized as a serious defect from the very outset of the war. But straitness of the public finances prevented the Russian Government from completely and permanently providing a remedy, and they could only hold out hopes that absolute reforms would be made so soon as the state of the exchequer warranted it. The insufficiency of the soldiers' pay at a time when the necessities of life were becoming dearer and dearer caused grave discontent throughout the army, and not only was demoralizing and injurious to the reputation of the service but hindered the military development of the soldier himself. All this, however, has now been remedied with unexpected promptness by a ukase of the Czar by which the condition of the rank and file has been much ameliorated, so that at this present time the Russian Army may be said to have ample means of material support."

Captain Witzleben points out that the higher officers of the Russian Army were formerly largely absorbed by the routine of civil-service duties. Regiments were left half-officered, while those who should have been in barracks or on parade were taken up with office, administrative or police work. Hence they were ignorant not only of tactics and unversed in the duties of their command, but were personally unknown to their men.

The remedy for these short-sighted blunders, made as they were in the name of public economy, has now been found. Men cannot now be promoted unless they are with the colors. Nor can they obtain a rank for which they have not proved their fitness by undergoing an examination.

## Why France and Germany Cannot Agree

In these days of combinations and alliances among the nations, when England seeks for a union with a people of the Far East, and France has made a close treaty with Russia, it is natural to ask, Why should the Vosges stand between two apparently almost hostile nations? Why should Paris and Berlin be at odds? Berlin and Vienna, Paris and St. Petersburg, London and Tokyo, are each and all knit together by written compact. What does it mean when the German Kaiser and the French President still look askance at each other?

An attempt to answer this question is made by Mr. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu in the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna). This writer tells us that there are two main causes why France refuses to be reconciled to Germany. One is that the loss of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871 can never be forgotten or forgiven, and the other is that Germany's interference with French enterprise in the exploitation of Morocco is regarded at Paris as an inexplicable political crime. To quote Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu:

"We cannot forget our former compatriots of Alsace-Lorraine. If we were ever to forget them we should prove ourselves a singularly frivolous and ungrateful people. Nations like ourselves have no such short memory as this, and the Germans who after two or three centuries of French occupation have retaken Strasbourg and Metz, are the last people who ought to reproach us with fidelity. After all, our attachment to Alsace-Lorraine is to-day a matter of sentiment rather than of politics."

This occupation of two French provinces might have been forgiven, says this writer, because it was a result of open warfare, and decided by the fortunes of war. What France is especially indignant at is the way in which Germany has hindered her and menaced her while in pursuit of compensation for lost European territory by the colonization of Africa. On this point Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu observes:

"We have sought far off from the banks of the Rhine, far off from Europe, to find a new field of national activity and, if possible, some sort of compensation for our losses on the continent of Europe. We had hoped that this policy would not have been regarded by Germany with a hostile eye. This hope was supported by the thought that we were to found an empire which could not encroach upon German territory. But, alas, any agreement between France and Germany on this point has been rendered difficult, principally from Germany's abandonment of Bismarck's policy, as embodied in the saying that Morocco was not worth to Germany the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier."

Germany certainly conceded certain trifling advantages to France at the Morocco Conference at Algeiras, says this writer, but she did so reluctantly, and after finding it impossible to impair the prestige of France in Northwest Africa. But her opposition to Franco-African domination still continues.—Translations made for The Literary Digest.

About a month ago there sailed into New York with a cargo of herring from Labrador the old cup racer *Lavonia*, which was the challenger in 1871 against the schooner *Columbia*. The old cup boat is now plying between Boston and Labrador and Newfoundland ports, and she appears as rakish looking as of old, but shows the maras of more than thirty-five years' battling with the seas. She is still good for many years, and her skipper takes great pride in her.

## Robert Louis and Sir Walter

From Life, New York.

AN industrious, burrowing genealogist, whose name is overlooked in the republications of his remarkable discovery, has uncovered the information that Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson were kinsmen. The remote relationship, it seems, proceeds from the union of "Auld Watt Scott," of Harden, and Mary Scott, "the flower of Yarrow," in the last half of the sixteenth century. Their son, Sir William, we are told, fathered a line of Scotts whose ultimate offspring was Sir Walter; while their daughter Margaret, wedded to Gilbert Elliot, of Stobs, was the progenitress of Stevenson's grandfather, the Rev. Louis Balfour, D.D., of Colinton.

Robert Louis, it appears, was not himself in possession of these facts. But had he been aware of the connection, we doubt if the sentiment of a family tie would in the least have altered his estimate of Sir Walter: "A great romantic—an idle child." We readers of a later generation—no longer bullied by *ex cathedra* criticism, and unafraid to disclose our secret tastes—are free to speak out bravely our preference for Stevenson over Scott. Is it because the fastidious modern ear is becoming more and more attuned to the harmonies of style, and less patient of lumbering expression? The suggestion will be combated, and yet vitality of matter has not sufficed to maintain the Waverley novels in that supremacy which criticism is slow to deny them, and which is doubtless their due if we consider them as works of the imagination alone. For all his glow of genius, the pages of Sir Walter's narratives too often seem drab and dusty, while the author of "Treasure Island" clad his creation in garments of delight.

Stevenson selected and assembled words with something of that singular and baffling felicity which makes the prose and verse of Shakespeare so bewilderingly inimitable. His literary manner is a conjunction of inspiration with the most unflinching heed of its admonitions and its dues. Whatever the size of his canvas, whatever the reach of his interpretation, the picture was wrought perfectly in its kind. Hence his gentle and qualified intolerance of Scott, who, despite "of the finest creative instinct" could "so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle"; who "conjured up the romantic with delight, but... had hardly patience to describe it." As for a certain slovenly, shambling sentence in the delightfully imaginative "Guy Mannering"—"a man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper."

On the whole, we are undecided whether the discovery of our genealogist redounds more to the honor of the author of "Ivanhoe" or of him whom we have joyously followed whether his way led over heather or sea.

## Lord Rosebery was Facetious.

THE members of the House of Lords were not greatly disturbed by the recent great debate in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman bitterly attacked that institution. Current Literature says: It can not be said that the House of Lords, in addressing itself to the debate with some pomposity, gave evidence of the least concern for the future. Peers were even flippant. The dilettante, Lord Rosebery, for instance, who was himself Prime Minister in a Liberal cabinet years ago, but who has become a cipher in the party now, summed the matter up in facetious phrases. Reform of the House of Lords, he said, is most desirable. That reform could be effected only under a Conservative ministry. No Conservative ministry would undertake such a task. Whatever the measure contemplated by Sir Henry may be, however drastic, however radical, it can not be carried into effect without the consent of the Lords themselves—"except by a revolution."

The nobleman took refuge in a metaphor which he admitted had been used before in the discussion of this burning issue. "We are engaged in an ill-assorted union with the other house of parliament." Lord Rosebery begged leave to "work this metaphor out" for a "lark." We are engaged in a singularly ill-assorted marriage with the House of Commons at this moment. Sometimes it happens that when a Conservative government is in power, the relations between the couple are more as they should be. But suppose, taking the metaphor to be the fact, a husband were to say to his wife, or whichever the predominant partner of the marriage is—"noble lords laughed loudly here—"and I am not prepared to dogmatize on that subject"—still louder laughter—"supposing the predominant partner were to say to the weaker partner: I must tell you frankly that I observe your endeavor to mend your ways with the greatest dissatisfaction. I am seeking a divorce from you—not improbably in an American court"—their lordships roared at this sally—"and it does not answer my purpose that you should mend your ways, so as to make the court less inclined to decide in my favor."

This, Lord Rosebery ventured to think, was a fair analogy with reference to Sir Henry's attitude. The Lords were willing to co-operate with the Commons. Sir Henry's government made co-operation impossible. "I myself," Lord Rosebery went on, "have expected almost daily since the session began to see the Prime Minister marching to the bar of this house like a second Cromwell, and saying in the old spirit: 'Enough of this foolery!' and bundling away the mace under his arm like an old umbrella."

The Smart Set, unlike some of the more dignified magazines, does not believe in wasting space on any of its pages. Instead of leaving empty corners or using ornamental tail-pieces it introduces smart, epigrammatic "fill-ups," which are sometimes better than anything else in the magazine. Here are some from the August number:

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

If she knew how much we needed her, the old-fashioned girl would once again be fashionable.

The best of girls is she who can remember only the pleasant things and forget—what you want her to.

To forget the name of last week's sweetheart means that you are busy, but to forget the name of your first sweetheart means that you are growing old.

Some men who think they have lost their hearts have lost nothing but their nerve.



At Rosedale Links

Group of lady golfers who participated in the match between Queen's Royal and Rosedale players, over the Rosedale Links last week. Photo by Mrs. A. F. Rodger.



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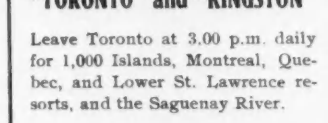
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## Hunting Caribou With a Camera

Washburn Pike, writing in "Canada," says that this Bloodless Sport is Very Exhilarating.

THE Pacific-Arctic watershed of Northern Canada is still a fairly inaccessible region, and has maintained its integrity as a game preserve till the present day. At the time of the Klondike gold rush in 1898 a large number of fortune-hunters were scattered over the district, but their enthusiasm for exploration had evaporated under the privations suffered during the journey to the land of promise, and by the time they were within a reasonable distance of a country where there was a chance of finding gold, their travels were confined to the main waterways, with the object of reaching civilization as speedily as possible. So, beyond the usual signs of defilement with which the white man always marks his advent into a primitive country, little harm was done, and the wild animals escaped molestation almost entirely.

The whole watershed presents the same general appearance. Up to a height of about 4,000 feet there is a fair growth of spruce, black pine, and poplar, with a dense undergrowth of stunted birch and willow; the ground is covered with soft, spongy moss, and thick, berry-bearing bushes add to the difficulties of travel. Above the 4,000 feet line, a rolling plateau is reached, dotted with clumps of ill-grown spruce in the dry spots, and covered with willow and birch scrub in the swamps. Irregular ranges of mountains, sometimes reaching a height of 8,000 feet above sea level, rise out of the plateau, but there are nearly always easy passes between the peaks, and the country can be crossed with pack horses in any direction.

There are no regular human inhabitants of this country, and although the Indians make annual fur-trapping expeditions to the more easily-reached part of the plateau, there are hundreds of square miles of country to which neither white man nor Indian ever penetrates.

The game animals of this district, are the moose and caribou, which are to be found everywhere, the mountain sheep (of the varieties lately classified by American scientists as Ovis, Stenotragus and Fannini), which are more local in distribution and frequent particular mountains only; and the grizzly and black bear, neither of which are numerous.

Of the fur-bearing animals, the fox has the greatest attraction for the trapper, and some specially fine specimens of the silver variety are caught in this district every year.

Wolverines and marten are fairly abundant, but a dark skin is the exception, and the price realized by the Indian for an average catch of marten is not high.

The caribou is probably the easiest of all the Canadian animals to deal with as a photographic study, on account of its great numbers, its natural fearlessness, and its preference for an open country, which gives an opportunity for a clear shot with the camera. But it must be remembered that, even with the easiest of wild animals, there are sure to be many disappointments in photographic results, especially in the long spells of misty weather, caused by the clouds settling on the elevated plateau. It is often possible to get within short rifle range, but quite another matter to obtain any satisfactory result on an exposed plate or film. Herein, doubtless, lies the great fascination which this form of sport is beginning to have for many big game hunters.

It was in the middle of September when I reached the plateau, with an old Indian and a couple of pack horses. Autumn had fairly set in and the leaves were off the deciduous trees. Snow had already fallen, and the ground was never bare again that season. At the end of our month's stay on the summit the snowfall had reached the depth of a foot, and the cold was unnaturally severe for the time of year, the thermometer being well below zero on October 3.

At first, my Indian found the photographing work insufferably dull, and made no effort to conceal his contempt for a bloodless occupation which gave so little visible result. Gradually, however, it dawned upon him that it was rather a difficult pastime, and that there were many points to be considered which he had never taken notice of in his approach to the animals for the ordinary purpose of securing meat.

I refused to take photographs of caribou out of rifle range, or when there was only a patch of shoulder seen through thick brush, or when heavy snow was falling, or in the dark. Another aggravation to him was the fact that during a spell of fine weather the wind had the trick



Macfoozler (playing an absolutely hopeless game)—"Here! What are you lying down for? Are you tired?" Caddie.—"I'm no tired o' carryin', but I'm sair weary o' countin'!"—Punch.

known to sailors as "following the sun" as the day advanced; so that when an absolutely correct stalk was made the hunter found himself within short range and dead to leeward of his game, but the photographer could only take his shot right in the eye of the glaring sun.

Also, it was a deadly offence which led to strong language to whisper to the man with the camera to "hurry up" when he was working at screws and springs with cold fingers in order to change a roll of film or get his right focus within sight of the quarry. And presently, the old man became keen enough on the occupation, carrying the camera rolled up in a blanket with great reverence, equally ready to climb a mountain or sit in the snow for an hour while the animals moved within range.

The results of an expedition of this kind will seem very paltry to a sportsman who hunts for heads only, and has no inclination to linger in the mountains after he has gathered his trophies. There is no triumphal entry into the nearest trailing post and nothing to excite the envy of the plucky rival hunter whose heads fall short in measurement when the merciless tape is applied. There is nothing gained but a few pictures of the animals at home, a little knowledge of their habits, enough meat killed to supply the camp, and a recollection of pleasant wanderings among the game, and of snug camps in which one cared little for the snow, which are of common occurrence in autumn on these northern plateaux.

There is also in the presence of the high mountains a sort of moral bracing-up, a comfortable feeling of increased self-respect, almost goodness, which must not be mistaken for one of the greater virtues, as it is so likely to prove spurious when once more subjected to the test of temptation on the return to civilization.

### To-Day.

With every rising of the sun Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrivelled and buried deep

All yesterdays. Then let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day, Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,

To-day has been the friend of man;

But in his blindness and his sorrow He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You and to-day! a soul sublime,

And the great pregnant hour of time.

With God Himself to bind the twain!

Go forth, I say, attain! attain!

—British Weekly.

Many years ago a certain earl once gave a dinner in honor of a great Highland chief, who rarely came down from the hills. Though there were many illustrious persons at this dinner, the proud Highlander seemed none too well pleased. In fact, he was curt and haughty with the grandest. When the coffee came on, the host, leading his Highland guest up and down the great hall, asked him what he thought of the company. "Och," said the chieftain, "they're nae bad. They're nae bad chiefs." Then he frowned, and proudly swelling out his broad chest, struck it a blow. "But the fact is," he cried, "I never met a man yet who was the equal o' mysel'."

Out of twenty-six years in the navy, Peary has had fifteen of absence on leave. His naval service may be represented by a series of blanks, and the rest of his career by dashes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The love of some women is most "touching"—Life.

### A Holiday O'er.

There are hazy mists where I lie and dream.

And the scented hours flow swiftly by.

So full of an iridescent gleam,

As the nodding flowers flash in between,

When down the sun shoots a dancing beam,

Through the latticed leaves that gently sigh.

I have filled my heart with happy store;

I have lived to learn to love it all.

But the long, white road lies stretched before,

So I softly close the cool, green door:

"Farewell, farewell," lest I come no more,

For the long, white road has given my call.

And I must plod in the dusty way;

But I shall see in the weary hours

A glimpse of green in a treasured day.

The low, broad fields of the sweet mown hay.

The barefooted children at their play.

And the breath, ah! the breath of the flowers.

—Minnie Evelyn Henderson in The Canadian Magazine.

One of the great London journals comments on the striking fact that Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., LL.D., a distinguished man of science, to whom investigation and logic and proofs are absolute necessities before he forms his conclusions, should deliberately set forth his personal creed as follows, in his recently published book, "The Substance of Faith, Allied with Science."

"I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist.

"I believe that the Divine Nature is specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught and suffered in Palestine 1,900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

"I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way towards goodness and truth; that prayer is a means of communion between man and God, and that it is our privilege through faithful service to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God."

Parke—How long does it take you to put on a tire?

Lane—With or without?

Parke—With or without what?

Lane—Your wife talking to you while you are doing it—Life.

A TRIP TO THE SEASIDE IN COMFORT.

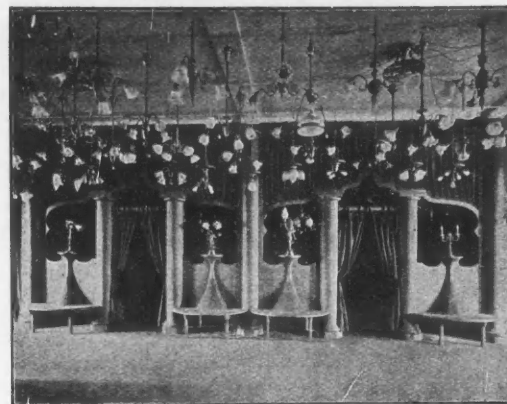
The increased traffic to the various seaside resorts this season from Ontario, via the Grand Trunk Railway System is an indication that the efforts of that company are appreciated, and to further demonstrate their superiority in the methods of handling their patrons they have arranged to place on sale on August 12, 13, 14 and 15, round trip tickets valid for return from destination on or before August 30, to Old Orchard, Me.; Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Halifax, N. S.; Murray Bay, Que.; Sydney, N. S., and numerous other seaside resorts, as special excursion rates.

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For further particulars of these excursions call on Mr. C. E. Horning, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and secure full information regarding choice of routes, stop over privileges and reservations in sleeping cars, and descriptive literature.



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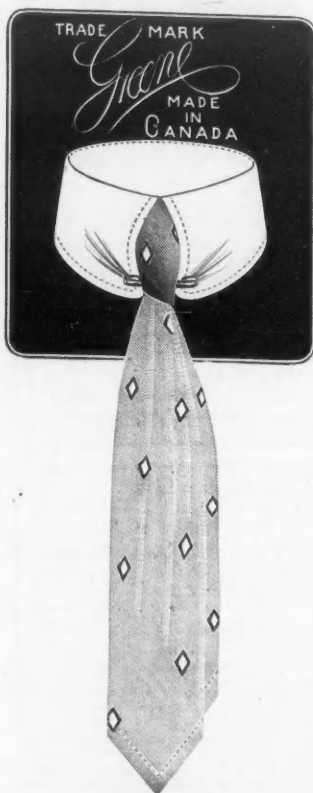
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## The Point of View

Some Questions to Consider  
During a Quiet Half Hour.

IN Europe it means something to entertain royalty, in spite of the simplicity that has become fashionable as a result of Queen Victoria's influence. When the late queen accepted the hospitality of her people she preferred the Scotch variety to any other. She loved the mighty old castles and the ancient costumes, and the feudal relations that are still to be found—and the bagpipes.

Then, again, it is to be remembered that Europe must sometimes show hospitality to potentates whose ways are not those of civilization, and that may be expressed by the terse entry found in the log-book of the old South Seas captain, who was required to furnish some details of the savage races with which he came in contact. Upon one occasion, and under the head of "Manners and Customs," he wrote: "Manners none, and customs beastly." When the late Shah of Persia was entertained at an English royal palace he and his suite insisted on slaughtering sheep for their food in the great reception rooms, and a whole army of cleaners and fumigators was necessary to remove the traces of their unmentionable habits. But that was many years ago. Lady Violet Greville tells us something about the entertainment of royalty in a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle. She says: "When English royalty visits a country house it is usual to submit beforehand a list of the visitors that are to be received, which the great personage approves, deletes, or adds to, as he prefers. On the occasion of a king's visit, his apartments are redecorated and refurnished in the style he is supposed to prefer, the daily menu is passed to him, and his principal attendant points out the dishes preferred and the hour at which he wishes his meals served. Usually the monarch breakfasts in his own apartments. Queen Victoria made her midday meal the principal one of the day, and her dinner, taken late, served the purpose of supper. No mutton was ever eaten at her table, but chicken always figured there. The present king's gastronomic influence has been exerted in favor of smaller and lighter dinners, and he prefers French cookery, though he also likes such thoroughly English dinners as beans and bacon. The late Duke of Cambridge showed greater partiality for ham, which, cold or hot, always appeared at dinner. Cooks or royal houses are much appreciated, and according to the old custom, rewarded and even decorated. The present king has given the Victorian Order to two ducal cooks who have afforded him satisfaction. Notwithstanding the extra trouble caused in the household, the servants are delighted and flattered by the advent of the king, for they are handsomely remunerated, while the host and hostess themselves generally receive some charming present—a pin, or brooch, or cigarette case with the royal initials in diamonds—as a souvenir.

"The king is exceeding careful to select gifts appropriate to the friend on whom he confers them, and chooses and bestows them himself, knowing the importance of tact and the personal touch in all such matters." There is, of course, a difference between formal and informal visits. The king is fond of Saturday to Monday affairs, and upon these occasions there is relaxation of ceremony. "On these occasions he brings only a small retinue with him, two motors and five chauffeurs, including a *mecanicien*, and he treats everything with the charming gaiety and *bonhomie* which have done so much to increase our popularity abroad. It is generally expected that every one should be ready and assembled before the king appears for dinner, and at formal receptions ladies must always wear gloves, even in the house. There is usually some sport or event for which the king visits his host, such as races, shooting, or the opening of a public building, but when he is quietly staying with intimate friends, golf, bridge, or a motor drive amply suffices for his amusement. The king is very proud of his beautiful gardens at Frogmore, where over a hundred gardeners are employed, and of the grapes and peaches, which take prizes at the principal flower shows; but even these magnificent gardens, with their long vistas of glass houses, do not suffice for the royal needs, and many thousands of pounds are expended annually in fruits and vegetables. Hostesses must provide fruit of the very best and most delectable quality, *primeurs* of all kinds, and the finest asparagus, green peas, or whatever delicacy is in season. "The arrangement of the royal apartments, the color of the hangings, the choice of flowers, books and bric-



THE NECESSARY RITES.

"My, my! There's a funeral procession and no one seems to notice it." "Why, grandma, that's only the men who come up Saturdays to pay the bills."—Life.

a-brac demand forethought and knowledge on the part of the hostess. Queen Alexandra likes pale and pretty colors, and she expects fresh sheets, edged with lace, laid on her bed each night. Queen Victoria disliked highly scented flowers, a prejudice shared by all the ladies of that period, who considered them unwholesome. The late Duke of Albany, on the contrary, loved them in great variety, and preferred his table strewn with books of poetry, and the walls covered with good prints. Pets, dogs and parakeets, are frequently carried about by royalty. The king himself never stirs without his favorite dog Caesar, and the queen likes her Japanese dogs and her singing birds around her, and even takes them on her foreign trips.

To offer hospitality to royalty is, therefore, by no means a sinecure, but if it were a hundred times as much trouble as it is, the honor would be sought after just as eagerly by those to whom such things are as the very breath of life.

THE beauties of the past depended very largely upon artificial aid in the preservation of the complexion.

The Empress Poppaea, says the Bellman, kept too asses to supply her bath of milk, and always retired with a mask of bread and milk upon her face at night. Over this a bladder was drawn to exclude the air. The eye-brows of the Roman beauties were tipped with black to resemble the "ox-eyed Juno"; they were decorated with paints and sprinkled with perfumes, and wore a quantity of false hair, or dyed their own according to the prevalent style of the time. The Greek lady had a retinue of retiring maids who rubbed out the wrinkles and shaded the face with red and white paints, tinted her eyelids and anointed the face with white of egg and goose grease to protect it against the air and sun. They also had a recipe to turn blue eyes into black.

All through the history of famous women we find ideas of the bath as an improver of the complexion. Isabelle of Bavaria had enormous decoctions of chickweed poured into hers; Queen Elizabeth bathed in wine; Mary Queen of Scots in milk; Italian ladies in warm blood; Mme. Tallien in crushed strawberries and raspberries poured into water; the Empress Josephine in milk perfumed with violets, and the beauties of the eighteenth century used such infusions as bouillon in which veal had been cooked, rosewater and honey, and juice of barley mixed with the yolk of an egg.

In the time of Catharine de Medici and her famous daughter, Marguerite of Valois, the face was covered at night with a fine linen cloth dipped in milk, into which slices of lemon and orange, with sugar and alum, had been laid, or into a distillation of snails and lemons; but the beauties of the court of Charles II. of England went further and applied crude quicksilver to their skin so that a new one might come in its place.

The Duchess of Newcastle especially recommended this. Nearly all these fashions were derived from Italy, where the most extravagant toilet arts were practiced. Nothing frightened the beauty. Lucretia Borgia is supposed to have been a brunette, but she dyed her hair any color she pleased. When she went to Ferrara she made her escort halt for days while she applied her cosmetics, and she dyed her hair five times during the journey.

In the eighteenth century Lady Coventry died from the effects of rouge, as did many other women less famous for their beauty.

## NEW YORK TRAINS BY C. P. R.

At 9.30 a.m., 3.55, 5.20 and 7.15 p.m., all run to Grand Central Station reached only by the New York Central lines.

In the good old days men burn't witches; now they marry them.—Life.

## The Ballad of the Angel.

"Who is it knocking in the night,  
That fain would enter in?"  
"The ghost of Lost Delight am I,  
The sin you would not sin.  
Who comes to look in your two eyes  
And see what might have been."

"Oh, long ago and long ago  
I cast you forth," he said,  
"For that your eyes were all too blue  
Your laughing mouth too red,  
And my torn soul was tangled in  
The tresses of your head."

"Now mind you with what bitter words  
You cast me forth from you?"  
"I bade you back to that fair hell  
From whence your breath you drew,  
And with great blows I broke my heart  
Lest it might follow, too."

"Yea, from the grasp of your white hands  
I freed my hands that day,  
And have I not climbed near to God  
As these His henchmen may?"  
"Ah, man, ah, man! 'twas my two hands  
That led you all the way."

"I hid my eyes from your two eyes  
That they might see aright."  
"Yet think you 'twas a star that led  
Your feet from height to height?  
It was the flame of my two eyes  
That drew you through the night."

With trembling hands he threw the door,  
Then fell upon his knee.  
"Ah, armed vision cloaked in light,  
Why do you honor me?"  
The Angel of your Strength am I  
Who was your sin," quoth she.

"For that you slew me long ago  
My hands have raised you high?  
For that you closed my eyes—my eyes  
Are lights to lead you by  
And 'tis my touch shall swing the gates  
Of heaven when you die!"  
—Theodosia Garrison, in The Smart Set.

## GROWTH OF CANADA'S INDUSTRIES.


(Toronto Telegram.)  
The Government reports issued recently show that there are now 62 big manufacturing concerns in Canada transacting business of \$750,000 and upwards. Seven years ago there were only 24 industrials transacting this volume of business in Canada.

Enterprises long established have shared in the general prosperity of the country. Perhaps the best illustration of a solid and substantial growth is that of the Slater Shoe Company, which has passed "the million mark," and which stands well up in the race for supremacy amongst Canadian industrials. The Slater Company recently issued a quarter of a million of 7 per cent. preferred stock at par.

It is not yet known whether this stock, or any part of it, is to be offered for public subscription, but the average investor would certainly prefer such an opportunity rather than the many speculative and promotion stocks which are usually the only choice of the public.

Sometimes the methodicalness of mortals, even on their vacations, is astonishing. In response to the question, "Where shall I go in August for the best time?" the agent whose business it is to see that people who come to him are sent to first class resorts, replied, "Well, you see the early part of the summer was so cold that it threw the usual scheme out of plumb, and it is a little hard to say just where the crowd will go in August."

Now, I had always known that there was a traditional rotation of



NATURAL LAXATIVE

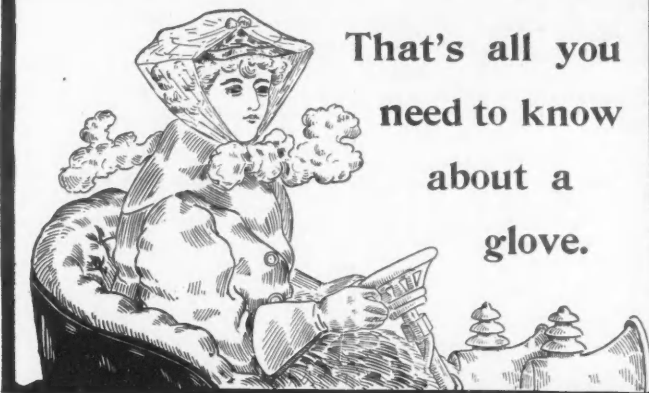
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That's all you  
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about a  
glove.



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Three branches in Toronto open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

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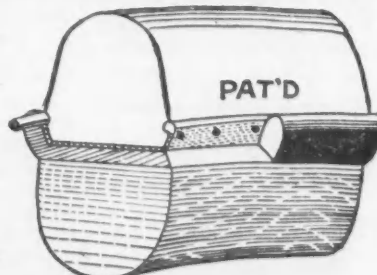
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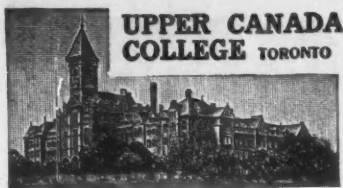
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seashore in July and mountains in August, but I had no idea it was so general as to effect the resorts to any real extent. Nor am I persuaded yet, in spite of the agent, that it is. I have been to the seashore resorts during the mountain season and found them full, and I have been to the mountain resorts in the seashore season and found them full. And this year I don't believe enough people are going to linger at the shore, on account of the delay in the arrival of summer, to make the mountains a barren wilderness in August.—Travel Magazine.

Teach your boy to swim. He may be a candidate for high political honors some day. Chicago Record-Herald.





## UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO

Autumn Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 11th. Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.  
The Regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.  
Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. Fifty acres of ground, 4 Rinks, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, etc.

Entrance Scholarships for both resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.  
Successes last year: 2 University Scholarships; 10 first-class honors; 45 passes; 6 passes into the Royal Military College.

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## ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

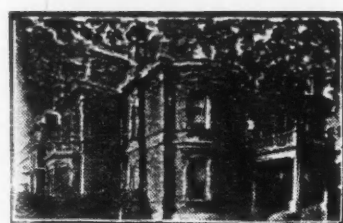
(Trillium Castle)  
The physical, mental, moral, social and religious growth placed under influences that mold the girl into the strong, cultured and refined Christian woman. Palatial buildings, beautiful grounds. Charming, beautiful location in Wilby on the shores of Lake Ontario. Unequaled staff and equipment. "Undoubtedly the best of its kind in Canada."  
Will Re-open September 9th. Write for calendar to REV. DR. J. J. HARE, Principal.

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102 Bloor Street East, Toronto  
A Residential and Day School for Girls  
Under the joint management of MISS S. OTT, formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK.  
Autumn term begins September 10th. For circulars apply to MISS SCOTT.

## St. Alban's Cathedral School

For Boarders and Day Boys. Boys prepared for honor matriculation in the Universities, Royal Military College and commercial life. Special attention given to Junior Boys.  
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## TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

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Residential School for Boys  
Founded 1865  
Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and business pursuits. Special attention given to the younger boys. In each of the last three years this school has obtained first place in the entrance examination for the Royal Military College.  
Next term begins Sept. 12th.  
For calendar and all particulars apply to the REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge) I.L.D., Headmaster.

## SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinee Daily, 25  
Week of Aug. 12  
Evenings 25 and 50

A Vaudeville Novelty

## Chas. Wayne

Assisted by Gertrude Des Roche & Co. Presenting "10 A.M. or the Morning After."

CLINTON & JERMON  
"Back to Louisville."

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"The Mosquito Trust."

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The Best Trained Dogs on the Stage.

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Special Extra Attraction  
Jules Helen  
GARRISON AND CONKLIN  
In their Laughing Success "The Ancient Roman."



NEXT week at Shea's theatre the feature act will be one by Charles Wayne, assisted by Gertrude des Roche and Company, in what is said to be a sparkling vaudeville novelty. Others who will appear are Jules Garrison and Helen Conklin, presenting "The Ancient Roman"; Trovolo, ventriloquist; Leona Thurber, Carlin and Otto and Clinton and Jermon, Herbert's dogs and the kinetograph complete the bill.

The reopening of this popular house took place on Monday, and the programme as a whole was very enjoyable.

B. C. Whitney's "Piff Paff Pouf," a musical cocktail by Stange, Jerome and Schwartz, will open the coming season at the Grand Opera House, September 2. This attraction will tour over the Stair & Haylin circuit, playing all of their city time. Mr. Ben Grinnell, who has been a leading feature of the Hippodrome in New York for the past two seasons, has been engaged for the part of the "Sandman," and Miss Lulu McConnell will be retained in the part of "Dolly Dimple." Others in the cast are Frederick Truesdell as "Lord Piffle"; Dan Young as "Marconi"; Lisle Bloodgood as "Bedelia"; John Edwards as "August Melon"; Jeanette Patterson as "Widow Montague"; Fanny Ide as "Cora Melon"; Olive Woolford as "Encora Melon"; and Frank Milton as "Joe Silver."

The "Original American Pony Ballet" will also be retained, as this ballet was one of the big hits of the "Piff Paff Pouf" last season. Gus Sohike will personally direct the stage rehearsals, and he has some bright new ideas and wonderful chorus evolutions on tap for "Piff Paff Pouf."

Lawrence D'Orsay, whose English character roles in the legitimate drama have won for him the approval of critics and the regard of theatre-goers East and West, is appearing in vaudeville. He was at Keith's Theatre in Boston recently, appearing in a little play entitled "The Crafty Earl."

"What has been termed the 'Shakespearean revival' at home is not in evidence here," wrote Mr. William A. Brady in a letter from London to Mr. Robert Mantell. "Oscar Asche lost a fortune in a brief time in the Adelphi, where he gave, among other plays, 'Measure for Measure' which you seem bent on doing; while the riotous extravagance of Tree's revival of 'Anthony and Cleopatra' was not sufficient to draw folk even in curiosity to His Majesty's, where he speedily replaced the tragedy with such rot as 'A Woman of No Importance.' I have been here since June 8, in the very height of the season of the world's metropolis, and have seen of Shakespeare nothing save an afternoon's dilettante revival of 'Troilus and Cressida,' with Ben Greet poverty of picture, ineptitude of stage management, and absence of mimetic talent. Nevertheless, I am urged to bring you over for a series of revivals—this in the face of the plain showing that Tree, Waller, Asche, Bouchier and Alexander have lost money every time they have touched Shakespeare as actor-managers!"

Miss Carrie De Mar, a singing and dancing soubrette of large popularity in many places, is to be the star of a footlighting of "Fluffy Ruffles," a combination of Carolyn Wells verse and Morgan drawings, that has for some time delighted and edified folk who are fond of the prismatic sections of the Sunday newspapers. Mr. A. Baldwin Sloane, a diligent worker in such things, is to provide the music for the entertainment, which will be prepared for the stage by Mr. Joseph Hart, whose co-star, Miss De Mar, was in "Foxy Grandpa," "Mamma's Pappas," and other musical farces.

Miss Ruby Bridges, who acted the American girl with Miss Ellis Jeffreys in "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," has been engaged as leading woman of the special cast that will give "The Man of the Hour" in the Western States. She was leading woman last season with the Messrs. William and Joseph Jefferson in "Playing the Game," and had for a year the principal woman's role in

"The County Chairman." She is the granddaughter of Eloise Bridges, who was the first Gretchen with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."

Mr. Wilton Lackaye's appearance as Jason in Hall Caine's "The Bondsman" will be made early in September. Mr. William A. Brady has imported for the play the entire "production" used in Drury Lane Theatre, London, last autumn, when, from all accounts "The Bondsman" was a genuine success. The play is, in its pictorial requirements, essentially a "big" melodrama. Basing their judgment on the dramatic value of Jason in the novel, as well as on the London newspapers' observations on Mr. Frank Cooper's acting in the role, it is thought that Mr. Lackaye ought to have in this a part well within his scope.

The Empire Daisies, an octet of English singing and dancing girls, have been engaged to take part in the music farce in which Mr. Al Leech is to star the coming season. The play, so far, has not been given a title. It is the work of Mr. Kellett Chalmers, author of "Abigail," produced in 1905 by Miss Grace George, and "The Butterfly," in which Miss Lillian Russell toured last season.

Henrietta Crossman, appearing in "The Christian Pilgrim," will open her season in Philadelphia on October 7. William Furst, formerly of Belasco's staff, who wrote the music for this production, and Tyrone Power, Miss Crossman's leading man for the coming season, are at present summering in Canada.

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin are summering in Europe, the actor-manager in the north, his co-star in the south. Mr. Miller is motoring in England and Scotland, while Miss Anglin, accompanied by Laura Hope Crews, of "The Great Divide" company, is in Italy.

When Mrs. Fiske and her company reached New York recently they had travelled approximately 18,000 miles since their departure from that city in January. On this journey an unequalled stretch of territory was covered, the circle described in the tour touching the Mexican border on the south, the Pacific coast, and extending many miles into northern Canada. The extent of the tour may be better comprehended by the statement that it reached from Boston to San Francisco, and from El Paso, Texas, to Edmonton.

In an interview with Arthur Wing Pinero by Bram Stoker, the dramatist was asked how he set about writing a play. To Pinero, the theme and its working out require a different setting; he starts the theme in the "eager, strenuous, pulsating life" of the city; but after the general scheme has taken cohesive shape, he goes away somewhere in order to work without interruption. If one is constantly reminded of one's personality, it is likely to interfere in the work which is necessarily impersonal, since a playwright is merely the mouthpiece of various characters. Mr. Pinero finds that three or four hours a day is quite as long as the mind can resist becoming rebellious to details—and a play is all details.

The following description by Mr. Stoker of the English dramatist is published in the New York World: His head and face are both peculiar and striking. One could never fail to recognize him in the flesh having once seen his portrait. He is extremely bald, so that there is no mistaking his cranio-logical peculiarities. A head something like an enormous egg. A masterful face whose main characteristics are of insight, astuteness, and above all of subtlety. His forehead falls back over an enormous frontal sinus, that ridge of bone above the eyebrows which phrenologists take to mean a "power of distinguishing slight differences"; which being applied to use becomes practically knowledge of character. His eyebrows are wide and thick and strong, indeed of such size and manner as to become a necessary part of caricature and even of the delineation of exact character.

In his talk with Mr. Stoker, Pinero criticized the usual precepts given to playwrights as follows: "Speaking to any young writer for

the stage, I would caution him against composing what is called a 'rough draft' of the play first, and holding himself bound by it. An elaborate scenario is carpenter's work and belongs to a lower form of composition."

"But is there no received mechanism or formality of thought or method in play-writing?" I asked in order to get him to talk on, not to challenge his statement.

"With every play I write I have to learn afresh the art of play-writing!"

"Indeed! Are there, then, no binding principles in this art?"

"There are binding principles, but there are no binding methods. It is the method that I have always to learn afresh!"

"Why? Does each subject regulate its own treatment?"

"Just as in real life no two lives are exactly the same and can not be recorded in exactly the same way, so in fiction; stories of different people, different events, can not be told with efficacy on a similar plan."

"Am I to take, then, that there are no sharp edges at the bounds of dramatic art?"

"There are no bounds. Except, of course, those to suit the demands of the special case. There are properly no bounds of art at all. And to force the adoption of settled formula would be fatal."

He went to one of the book cases and took down a quarto volume bound in white vellum. Turning the pages over rapidly, he began to read:

"I don't want to be oracular, but do remember the immutable law of variety. Nature seldom condescends to replicas. You may roam the whole world, as I have, and you won't discover two noses that are absolutely a match. . . . How much more striking is the diversity when you get under the skin, when you touch disposition, mood, talent!"

"What is that from?" I asked.

"That is the way I tried to put my idea on the subject in 'His House in Order.'"

"There are lots of rules, but most of them can be classed under one head."

"And that?"

"Logic. I am a thorough believer in logic. There is no art without it. The groundwork of a play, as well as of its character, must be logic. Cause—effect! Cause—effect! The pendulum swings between the two. Two of the most substantial parts of the fabric which go to make up a fine play are logic and intuition. Without the first you can't construct a play. Without the second you can't write it."

"You spoke of the pendulum swinging between cause and effect. Does it swing dramatically in any other way, for instance, between comedy or pathos and tragedy, or pathos and commonplace, or character and hard fact?"

"Not as a method, but only of situation calls for it. There are very often occasions when such contrasts are the perfection of good art and are most effective when they present themselves. But to drag them in is vile. A self-conscious artist is no artist at all!"

Maybe I Was.

When I see a youth with his pants turned up  
And his beautiful socks on view,  
And over one eye perched a little round hat,  
With a ribbon of mauve or blue,  
And the fourteen rings and the seven pins  
That he got at his dear prep school,  
Why, it strikes a chord, and I say:  
"Oh, Lord,  
Was I ever that big a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down  
And a cigarette stuck in his face,  
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest  
And a half an inch wide shoe lace,  
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears,  
And a line of senseless drool,  
Then I paw the sword, as I say: "Oh, Lord,  
Was I ever that big a fool?"  
—The Daily Princetonian.

Clara—You may not believe it, but I said no to seven different men during the last winter. Maude—What were they selling?—Pick-Me-Up.



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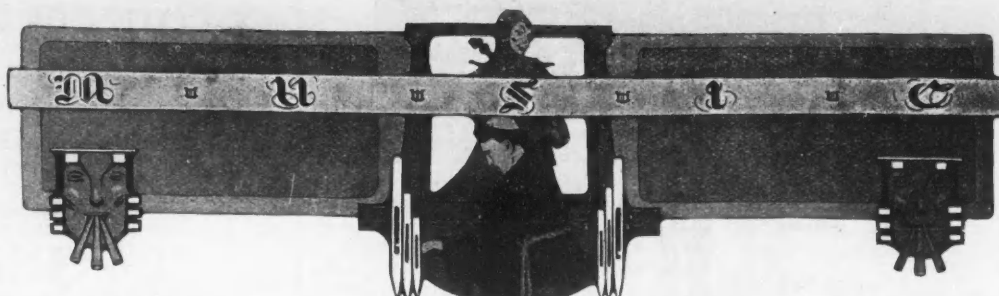
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THE Duss band opened a fort-  
night's engagement at Han-  
lan's Point on Monday and  
gave their initial pro-  
gramme to thousands of  
hearers. Duss, who has now become a  
conductor of experience and authority,  
offers excellent selection, which in-  
clude both the classic and the popular  
styles. The band plays with much  
smoothness, and they have several ex-  
pert soloists. One may mention in this  
connection the euphonium soloist, who  
produces a very round, mellow tone,  
and is a finished and brilliant execu-  
tant. It is a pity perhaps that there  
is always so much noise in the  
vicinity of the Point whenever at-  
tractions are progressing, that the  
softer effects of the band are over-  
whelmed.

An enjoyable musical programme  
was given at the opening of the Old  
County Club, at their rooms, Yonge  
Street Arcade, on Thursday evening  
of last week. There was a very large  
attendance, and the officers of the  
club were much gratified by the re-  
sponses that were made to their in-  
vitations. The musical selections  
were supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Ham-  
ilton Macauley, Professor Uvedale,  
and Mr. C. Trethewey, who contrib-  
uted vocal, piano and violin selec-  
tions of a high order.

The death is reported in Scot-  
land of Mr. Adam Hamilton, father  
of Mrs. Bertha Dreschler Adamson,  
of this city. Mr. Adamson and his  
family were well known in the Old  
Country some thirty years ago, their  
concert appearances being given  
under the name of the Dreschler-  
Hamilton family. Mr. Hamilton  
organized the German orchestra, of  
eighty members, in the days when  
there was no Scottish orchestra in  
Edinburgh, and was for many years  
a familiar figure as conductor of the  
Edinburgh Choral Union. Mr. Ham-  
ilton was a pianist and viola player  
of high accomplishments. His son,  
the late Carl Hamilton, was a well-  
known violoncellist, and three of his  
daughters were solo violinists of  
exceptional ability.

Toronto, Canada's acknowledged  
centre of art and culture, has re-  
cently received a notable addition to  
its musical circle. Mr. and Mrs. J.  
Lamont Galbraith, formerly of Glas-  
gow, Scotland, have come to reside  
in the city, where they intend pur-  
suing the various branches of their  
profession.

Mr. Galbraith, who by the way is  
a licentiate of the Royal Academy  
of Music, London, England, has left  
a large and lucrative practice in the  
Old Country as organist, choirmaster  
and professor of singing, and comes  
among us with the highest testi-  
monials regarding his success, tact  
and musical ability. He brings with  
him a young pupil, Miss Isabel  
Wilkie, who, it is said, possesses a  
contralto voice of rare quality and  
power, and who, it is hoped, will be  
heard in public at an early date. Mrs.  
Galbraith holds the diplomas of li-  
centiate of the Royal Academy of  
Music and the Trinity College of  
Music, London, England, and comes  
with the recommendation of Mr.  
Tobias Matthay, with whose system  
of pianoforte technique, she has  
identified herself. She has had a  
wide experience as pianist and ac-  
companied, and possesses many val-  
uable testimonials to her talent as  
teacher of pianoforte and chamber  
music.

The musical community will doubt-  
less extend to Mr. and Mrs. Gal-  
braith a most hearty welcome.

All who desire to join the Toronto  
Festival Chorus for the season of  
1907-8 are asked to send in their  
names at once. Rehearsals on "The  
Cross of Lire," will begin early in  
September. Many new members have  
been admitted to the chorus this  
year and former members who desire  
to retain their places should apply  
at an early date to J. F. Tilley, sec-  
retary, 30 Shuter St. There will be a  
jubilee performance of "The Mes-  
siah" this year.

The new calendar and syllabus for  
the Toronto College of Music for  
1907-8 is now on press and will be  
ready to issue in a few days. The  
book gives full information for all  
departments from kindergarten music  
to post graduate, and the require-  
ments in all grades. Also the many

advantages offered by the college are  
fully given. The faculty is com-  
posed of fully qualified teachers and  
all work is under the supervision of  
Dr. F. H. Torrington. The college  
reopens for the fall term Sept. 3.  
Calendar and syllabus sent on ap-  
plication to 12 Pembroke street.

Miss Olive Scholey, contralto  
soloist, winner of the Torrington gold  
medal at the Toronto College of  
Music, has returned from a two  
months' holiday at Muskoka. Her  
many friends are looking for a suc-  
cessful season for this young lady,  
and expect to hear her in many  
concert engagements.

The Toronto Orchestra School will  
be organized this season, rehearsals  
being held on Monday evenings. The  
Toronto Festival Orchestra will meet  
as usual on Saturday evenings. The  
Orchestra School is for beginners  
and all who desire to join should  
apply to J. F. Tilley. Dates for re-  
hearsals will be announced later.

Haydn is universally considered  
one of the greatest composers, but  
although he died ninety-eight years  
ago, no complete edition of his work  
has ever been printed. In view of  
the fact that he wrote no fewer than  
77 string quartets and 125 symphonies  
and overtures, and that his music is  
now very seldom heard in our concert  
halls, because of its simplicity, this  
is perhaps not surprising. None the  
less, every music lover who likes to  
explore unknown scores must be  
glad to hear that a complete edition  
of his works is to be brought out by  
Breitkopf & Hartel, who have al-  
ready so nobly done the same service  
for several of the classical and ro-  
mantic composers. The editors of  
the Haydn edition are to be Dr.  
Mandyczewski, Prof. Guide Adler,  
Dr. Oscar von Hase and Dr. Erwin  
Luntz. There will be eighty vol-  
umes of some 200 pages each—16,  
000 pages of music to edit and print,  
all by one man! The libraries of  
Germany and Austria have placed  
their MS. treasures at the service  
of the editors, and so has the family  
of Prince Esterhazy, in whose castle  
Haydn wrote most of his works. It  
was a lucky thing for the cause of  
music when that prince engaged  
Haydn as his Kapellmeister; for, as  
Haydn himself wrote: "My prince  
was always satisfied with my works;  
I not only had the encouragement of  
constant approval, but as a conduc-  
tor of an orchestra I could make ex-  
periments, observe what produced an  
effect and what weakened it, and was  
thus in a position to improve, alter,  
make additions or omissions, and be  
as bold as I pleased, I was cut off  
from the world, there was no one to  
confuse or torment me, and I was  
forced to become original." Haydn  
had the time of his life when he  
went to London in 1791. He used  
to say that he did not really become  
famous among his countrymen till he  
had been in England. The English  
certainly made the most of his genius.  
One day, as a biographer relates, on  
an invitation from the Prince of  
Wales, he went to Oatlands to visit  
the Princess of Prussia two days be-  
fore, "Die liebe Kleine" (she was  
only seventeen) quite won Haydn's  
heart; she sang, played the piano, sat  
by his side during his symphony, and  
hummed all the airs as it went on.  
The Prince of Wales played the  
violin, and all the music was of  
Haydn's composition. They even  
made him sing his own songs. Three  
years later, when he was again in  
London, the Princess of Wales played  
the piano and sang with him; he  
attended at Carlton house twenty-six  
times, but, like other musicians,  
found difficulty in getting paid. After  
waiting long in vain, he sent in a bill  
from Vienna for one hundred guineas,  
which was immediately paid by Par-  
liament. Many things have changed  
since Haydn's day, but in one thing  
all periods are ludicrously alike;  
namely, in their complaints regarding  
the decay of the vocal art. "Sing-  
ing," wrote Haydn more than a  
century ago, "is almost one of the  
forgotten arts, and that is why the  
instruments are allowed to overpower  
the voices." This is funny, but the  
following remark, which he made to  
Michael Kelly, cannot be pondered  
too seriously: "It is the air which  
is the charm of music, and it is  
that which is most difficult to pro-  
duce. The invention of a fine melody

is a work of genius." The words  
italicized explain why the composers  
of our day for the most part eschew  
melody with a disdainful mien. But  
they cannot fool anybody.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, the well-  
known member of the faculty of the  
Metropolitan School of Music has re-  
signed the position of organist of  
Trinity Methodist church. He will  
be back in Toronto early in Septem-  
ber to resume his regular professional  
work.

After August 19, the 1907-8  
calendar of the Metropolitan School  
of Music will be ready for distribu-  
tion, and can then be obtained from  
the secretary. It is now being  
printed, and an advance copy indi-  
cates that it will be very interesting  
to those contemplating musical or  
elocutionary study. The various  
courses of study are clearly and lo-  
gically defined, and their thoroughness  
and artistic trend are conspicuously  
in evidence. The musical director,  
Mr. W. O. Forsyth, has associated  
with him a large staff of capable and  
experienced teachers, concerning  
whose educational experience explicit  
information is given in the calendar  
referred to above.

In the matter of orchestral con-  
certs New York is far behind London,  
at least so far as quantity is con-  
cerned. The Queen's Hall Orches-  
tra alone took part during the past  
season in 125 concerts, of which 60  
were promenade concerts, 6 soloists'  
concerts, 5 provincial, and 39 Sunday  
concerts. At the promenade con-  
certs new works by six British com-  
posers were produced.

The London world makes some  
sensible points in contrasting the vocal  
art of Bonini with that of Caruso.  
The delicacy of Bonini's purring "is  
wonderful, and at times fascinating,  
though at others it is too gentle for  
a man. As regards the Donna e  
soprano, he makes it tenderly yearn-  
ing, which Caruso is the only one  
of the ever-victorious, devil-  
may-care lover. One can say that  
whereas Caruso carries his audience  
away by his irresistible crescendos,  
it is the delicious decrescendo which  
is the great strength of Bonini." In  
speaking of the first London produc-  
tion of "Loreley," the same critic  
indulges in a bit of operatic  
philosophizing which applies to the  
American metropolis, too: "The truth  
is that in London 29 per cent. of  
opera-goers prefer that which they  
know, and take only languid interest  
in what is unfamiliar, even when the  
cast contains the brightest stars. Per-  
haps there is something in the purely  
sordid argument that people do not  
like paying large prices for an experi-  
ment. The result is that no new  
work has 'caught on' at once in Lon-  
don for very many years, except  
"Madam Butterfly." Every other  
opera, except the stock-pieces which  
are legacies from our grandfathers,  
has laboriously conquered its place  
in the repertoire step by step, and  
most of them were widely condemned  
and played to small audiences at first."

Vienna is to have a special Strauss  
theatre, in honor of the Waltz King,  
who was also the greatest of all  
operetta composers. His works are  
to be the main feature of the rep-  
ertory. In the meantime his waltzes  
are as popular as ever, the world  
over. Just at present, however, he  
has a serious rival—Franz Lehar,  
whose "Merry Widow" contains a  
waltz—"Siren-en-waltzer"—of which  
over 40,000 copies were sold in Lon-  
don within three weeks after the  
first performance of that operetta.

Katharine Goodson's playing of  
Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" in  
London, not only gained her the high-  
est praise of the critics of the day  
there, but also won her a flattering  
commendation for "possessing the  
great and beautiful soul of a genius,  
speaking to us through the medium  
of music, bidding us live true men and  
women," as expressed by a poetical  
admirer of her gifts as a pianist.

The enterprising manager of the  
King's Royal hotel is always on the  
alert to provide the very best attrac-  
tions procurable for the benefit of  
Owen Sound in general and the  
guests of the famous summer hotel in  
particular. The celebrated Royal  
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comprising the well-known Toronto  
artists, Miss Mabel Palen, soprano;  
Mr. Gordon Muir, entertainer; and  
Mr. Hartwell DeMille, baritone, were  
specially engaged for last week, and  
scored such a great success at each  
of the concerts, that return dates  
were offered in the immediate future.  
Commenting on the concerts the  
Owen Sound Sun, of August 2,  
says: "The Royal Canadian Scots  
Concert Co. is the attraction at  
King's Royal Park Theatre this  
week, and provides one of the best  
entertainments seen at the park in a  
long time. The programmes have  
been brilliant in song, recital and  
comedy."  
CHERUBINO.

**Polly's Window.**  
There's a little latticed window  
In a cottage that I know,  
Where the sunlight loves to linger  
And the climbing roses grow;  
I glance upward as I pass it  
On my daily trip to town,  
And I hesitate, and wonder  
Whether Polly's looking down.

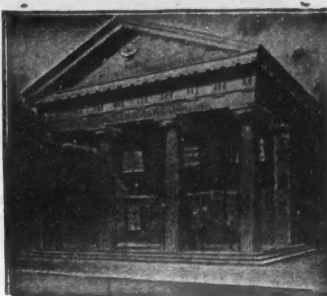
Ah, sometimes the dainty curtain  
From within is slightly stirred;  
Now and then from 'midst the roses  
Darts away a frightened bird;  
Then my soul is bright within me  
And my heart begins to glow,  
Because Polly's watching for me—  
But she doesn't think I know!

Sometimes a half-blown rosebud  
Goes with me into town,  
And Polly likes to tell me  
The south wind blew it down;  
But I touch it reverently,  
Because I understand  
Why it fell into my pathway  
From Polly's little hand!

There's an office in the city  
Just as dingy as can be,  
With a high desk in the corner  
Where a ledger waits for me;  
But how often, when I'm bending  
Over figures, row on row,  
I see Polly's latticed window  
Where the climbing roses grow!  
—Munsey's Magazine.

Diner—Waiter, bring me a cutlet,  
and also a big bone for my dog. I  
will pay you extra for that. Waiter  
—Yes, sir. Diner (when the cutlet  
arrives)—Where is the bone for the  
dog? Waiter—In the cutlet, sir.—  
Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Host—Why did you write all our  
guests that this is to be a very in-  
formal affair? Hostess—So I'd be  
sure to be the best dressed woman  
here.—Life.



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## ANECDOTAL

ON a certain ship the mate was too  
fond of the cup that cheers. The  
captain did his utmost to break him  
of this habit, and, everything else  
failing, told him that the next time  
he was drunk he would write it in  
the log. For a long time after this  
the mate stopped drinking, but one  
day he fell into his old habit. There-  
upon the captain wrote the following  
entry in the log:

"August 12, 19—; 60 deg. north  
longitude, 70 deg. west latitude. Mate  
Jones is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this  
off, saying that it would spoil his  
chances of ever being made captain  
of a ship. But the captain said, "It's  
true, isn't it?"

"Yes; but—" replied the mate.  
"Well," said the captain, "the re-  
cord stands."

A few days later the mate had to  
write the entry. On looking over the  
log the amazed captain saw this  
entry:

"August 15, 19—; 80 deg. north  
longitude, 67 deg. west latitude. Cap-  
tain Smith is sober to-day."

He sent for the mate and demanded  
what he meant by such an entry, or-  
dering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true,  
isn't it?"

"Of course it's true!" roared the  
captain.

"Then the record stands," replied  
the mate.

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical man-  
ager who once "went ahead" of  
a circus tells the following story of  
Dan Boone, who, in his time, was a  
remarkable tamer and trainer of wild  
beasts. Boone, an eccentric individ-  
ual in many respects, was a confirm-  
ed hypochondriac, and developed a  
fear of bronchitis which in time grew  
to be a downright mania. He would  
enter a cage of snarling lions with-  
out the slightest fear, but the idea  
of sitting in a draught nearly fright-  
ened him to death. On one occasion  
after an exhibition with the fiercest  
lion of the aggregation attached to  
the show wherein Boone formed not  
the least attraction, he left the cage  
with the following observation:

"John, old man, this will be the  
death of me yet."

"You're not losing your nerve,  
Dan?" inquired the manager, anx-  
iously. "You're not afraid of the  
beasts, are you?"

"Afraid of those dogs," snorted  
Dan, in disgust. "I should say not!  
But these cages are about the worst  
places on earth for draughts. Some-  
day I'll take cold in one of 'em and it  
will be the death of me."

A PHILADELPHIA physician  
says that not long ago he was  
called to see an Irishman, and among  
other directions told him to take an  
ounce of whisky three times a day.  
A day or so later he made another  
visit and found the man, while not  
so sick, undeniably drunk.  
"How did this happen?" the phys-  
ician demanded of Pat's wife, who  
was hovering about solicitously.  
"Sure, dochter, an' 'tis just what  
you ordered, an' no more, that he  
had," she protested.

"I said one ounce of whisky three  
times a day; that could not make him  
drunk," the physician said. "He has  
had much more than that."

"Divil a drop more, dochter dear,"  
she declared. "Sure an' oi didn't know  
just how much an ounce was, so oi  
went to the drug-store an' asked, an'  
the lad—he's a broth of a boy, too—  
told me that an ounce was sixteen  
drams, and Pat has had thim regular  
an' no more!"

A NOTED English artist once was  
standing at the edge of the  
road, waiting for his horse, and he  
was dressed in his usual peculiar style  
—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid  
waistcoat, and bright red tie. A man,  
who had evidently been reveling, hap-  
pened to lurch round the corner of  
the street. He stared at the famous  
artist for a minute in silence, then he  
touched his cap and asked in a tone  
of deep commiseration: "Beg par-  
don, guv'nor, was you in mournin'  
for anybody?"

AN Englishman in Scotland was  
abusing the country, complain-  
ing of the state of the larder, and  
wondering if there were a spot where  
he could get less to eat.

"I could tell ye a place whar ye  
wad get less," said a Scot, who was  
listening to the tirade.

"Where's that?" asked the other.  
"Oh, just whaur an Englishman's  
been!" said the Scotsman, dryly.



THERE is a story told about an  
ancestor of the hero of Lady-  
smith which shows that the Cochranes  
have always liked a dash of political  
as well as military adventure. When  
this Dundonald of the old days was  
Lord Cochrane he was a candidate  
in Hon-ton, and took the usual course  
of refusing to give any bribes. As  
his opponent gave five pounds a head,  
Lord Cochrane suffered defeat. The  
latter, however, sent the bellman  
round the town, announcing that all  
those who had voted for Lord Coch-  
rane would receive ten guineas apiece  
if they called on his agent. In those  
pre-ballot days, of course, it was  
known how each man voted, and the  
happy minority marched off to the  
agent, each getting his ten guineas.

Naturally enough, the majority be-  
gan to think they had made a mis-  
take, and they resolved to rectify  
that mistake at the first possible mo-  
ment. In due course an opportunity  
came; there was another election.  
Lord Cochrane stood again, and the  
voters, remembering his lavish meth-  
ods, asked him no questions, but re-  
turned him with a roaring majority.  
Then they conveyed a delicate hint  
to the noble lord, asking what he pro-  
posed to give them for this distin-  
guished service.

"Not one farthing!" roared his  
lordship.

The unhappy men reminded him  
that he had paid ten guineas a head  
to the minority at the previous elec-  
tion.

A complacent grin brightened the  
face of the member as he gave this  
explanation: "The former gift was  
for their disinterested conduct in not  
taking the bribe of five pounds from  
the agents of my opponent. For me  
now to pay them would be a violation  
of my own previously expressed  
principles."

LADY who had recently moved  
to the suburbs was very fond  
of her first brood of chickens. Going  
out one afternoon, she left the house-  
hold in charge of her eight-year-old  
boy. Before her return a thunder-  
storm came up. The youngster for-  
got the chicks during the storm, and  
was dismayed, after it passed, to find  
that half of them had been drowned.

Though fearing the wrath to come,  
he thought best to make a clean  
breast of the calamity, rather than  
leave it to be discovered.

"Mamma," he said, contritely, when  
his mother had returned—"Mamma,  
six of the chickens are dead."

"Dead!" cried his mother. "Six!  
How did they die?"

The boy saw his chance.

"I think—I think they died happy,"  
he said.

JOHN W. GATES says that not all  
women, but some of them, are  
very poor speculators, very poor  
gamblers, and recalled this incident:  
"A young friend of mine has a pretty  
cousin. He was going to the races  
the other day, and she called him up  
on the telephone, and asked him to  
put \$10 on Forest King for her."  
"Very well," he said. "I'll do it  
if you'll pay me back."

"Of course I'll pay you back, you  
horrid thing!"

"All right," said he. "You didn't  
last time."

"Oh, well," said she, "last time the  
horse didn't win, you know."

AMAN who runs a truck farm in  
Virginia tells of the sad pre-  
dication in which a negro named  
Sam Moore, who is in his employ, re-  
cently found himself. Sam had had  
considerable difficulty in evading the  
onslaughts of a dog from a neighbor-  
ing farm. Finally the dog got him,  
as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous  
yell, rushed to the rescue of her hus-  
band. When she came up the dog  
had fastened his teeth in the calf of  
Sam's leg and was holding on for  
dear life. Seizing a stone in the  
road Sam's wife was about to hurl  
it when Sam, with wonderful pres-  
ence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat  
stone at de dawg! Frow it at me,  
Mandy!"

WHEN John Scott (Lord Eldon)  
was at the bar he was remark-  
able for the sang froid with which he  
treated the judges. On one occasion  
a junior counsel, on hearing their  
lordships give judgment against his  
client, exclaimed that "he was sur-  
prised at such a decision." This was  
construed into contempt of court, and  
he was ordered to attend at the court  
next morning.

Fearful of the consequences, he con-  
sulted his friend, John Scott, who told  
him to be perfectly at ease, for he  
would apologize for him in a way  
that would avert any unpleasant re-  
sult. Accordingly, when the name  
of the delinquent was called, John  
rose and coolly addressed the assem-  
bled tribunal:

"I am very sorry, my lords, that my  
young friend has so far forgotten  
himself as to treat your honorable  
bench with disrespect. He is ex-  
tremely penitent, and you will kindly  
ascribe his unintentional insult to ig-  
norance. You must see at once that  
it did originate in that. He said he  
was surprised at the decision of your  
lordships. Now, if he had not been  
very ignorant of what takes place at  
this court every day—had he known  
you but half as long as I have—he  
would not be surprised at anything  
you did."

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL,  
whose experiments promise to  
give him as wonderful a success with  
the flying machine as he had with  
the telephone, used to teach the deaf  
and dumb—it was, in fact, his work  
among the deaf and dumb that led to  
the telephone's invention—and at a  
dinner in Washington he told a deaf  
and dumb story.

"This story illustrates," he began,  
the necessity for carrying on aero-  
plane experiments secretly. Were  
they carried on publicly, interference  
would ensue. Ignorance always  
causes interference.

Many years ago an aged friend of  
mine visited a church in Maine one  
Sunday morning. As soon as the ser-  
mon began my friend, who was very  
deaf, took from his pocket an ear  
trumpet, in two parts, and proceeded  
to screw the parts together.

"While he was engaged in this  
work he noticed that the sexton from  
his seat near the pulpit, kept frown-  
ing and shaking his head at him.

"Finally just as my friend got his  
trumpet joined and made as if to put  
it to his ear, the sexton hastened to  
him and whispered fiercely.

"Ye can't play that here. If ye do  
I'll put ye out."

AN antiquary one day visited West-  
minster Abbey and found a  
stone-cutter at work in the little  
cloisters, recutting the name of Wil-  
son, the great tenor of Shakespeare's  
day. The antiquary began to tell the  
stone-cutter about Wilson, how he  
had been Shakespeare's friend, and  
Ben Jonson's, and Kit Marlowe's, and  
how all these men had loved and hon-  
ored him.

The stone-cutter, looking up from  
his work, frowned and shook his  
head. "I wish, sir," he said, "we'd  
known he was such a swell afore we  
run that drainpipe through him."

PROPOS of Gounod, a story is  
told which shows the difference  
between the French and the English  
style of regarding things. A music-  
mad young English lady was intro-  
duced to the great musician, and,  
overwhelmed by the happiness of  
standing in the presence of the com-  
poser of "Faust," she addressed him  
thus:

"O, I am lost for words to express  
my admiration. Inspired musician,  
genius, mighty master, what shall I  
call you?"

Gounod here interrupted her by  
patting her on the head and saying:  
"Throw your arms around my neck  
and call me your little rabbit!"

JAMES HANNAY, once a member  
of the staff of the Pall Mall  
Gazette, was a typical man of letters.  
And Huxley, as everybody knows,  
was a typical scientific man.

Hannay had been a midshipman  
when Huxley was a naval surgeon.  
Years after the two met each other  
on the steps of the British Museum.  
"Huxley," said Hannay, "I care  
nothing for man except as a creature  
of historical tradition."

"Nor I," answered Huxley, "for  
him except as a compound of gas  
and water."

"But," he added, "if we were each  
of us better educated men than we  
are, we should know how to respect  
each other's studies more."

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## PIERRE

He Tell How Johnny Paradis Fool de Black B'ar.

"T'S ver' good t'ing for remem-ber, Jean, always kip cool we'en troub' come along. Troub' will be a bad fighter but a strong runner, an' I'll hit hardest from behind, mebbe. Dat's what Johnny Paradis will be say last night, w'en he'll be told how he cheated de black b'ar what's come for eat him up.

"Johnny, he was work on de short coal road out on Nova Scotia, an' he'll be walk out from de town one after-noon wid his gun for get a shot at somet'ing in de woods, mebbe, he'll say. Johnny will be told dat story lak dis:

"I will be walk along de trail lead-ing out from de town part to de cowntree, an' ain't lookin' for shot ver' much jess at dat times. I will be two, t'ree mile out, w'en all of a suddin I'll near drop my head off at what I'll be see along de trail. Not makin' no noise, but risin' noiseless from side de path, great big black b'ar step out, an' den next t'ing come for Johnny wid his tongue out. Dat ole gun she ain't been load yet, an' no tam for turn an' run, for big b'ar he ain't ten feet away, an' comin' strong. Soon's he git little closer, b'ar he'll rise on hind legs, open out dose large paws of his, an' den Johnny will be t'ink it's all over but de bell for dinner.

"Jess at dat moment, I'll t'ink how peoples scare de beasts, kip your eye fixed on him.

"So I'll look hard on dat great big black b'ar, but don't seem bodder him not any. Jess come right on. So, as he gits little closer, suddin' can't tell why but jess do it, I'll open my mouth an' let out terrible holler. B'ar stop dead, an' let drop fore paws on de ground. Wavin' de empty gun once across my face, I'll poke my head out towards de b'ar what sit there lookin' puzzled, an' let out 'noder yell jess about lak de first. B'ar shake his head sideways, an' den draw back a foot or so 'long de trail, Johnny nev' takin' my eyes offen him all de whiles. Soon's de b'ar tak' one step back, dat slick Johnny he'll tak one step forward, an' as de black b'ar he'll stop, I'll bring up sort of yell an' howl toget-der, for seems lak b'ar is gettin' used to de first yell. Easy for see dat b'ar is skeered, an' s' wishin' his-self out of dat w'ole job, an' sam' t'ing wid Johnny. Johnny will be see de b'ar is skeered, but sam' tam' we's on narrow path, an' any minute de skeer might leave dat ugly animal, an' den Johnny would nev' no more form in line for git de pay check.

"So I'll kip dat b'ar goin' back, an' b'ar will kip on goin' hind leg first for half a mile, mebbe, an' I dunno who's de mos' skeered. Dat's hot day, an' Johnny's face is soon drippin' an' de b'ar's tongue git parched an' his eyes git red as I'll kip on pushin' him back, step by step. Dat's de mos' anxious b'ar hunt I was never in. Two, t'ree tam, w'en I'll tak' my eye off de b'ar wettin' my throat for de yells is gittin' husky an' weak, dat b'ar will throw his head quick to one side, an' I'll t'ink he's 'bout for jump off de path into de woods. Dat'll skeer Johnny for fear w'en he gits out of range of dem yells, an' so's I'll not be kip lookin' him in de eye, dat b'ar will plan some mischief for git even mebbe, so's he turns his head I will poke my face out an' yell ver' loud an' sharp. Well's almost de funny t'ing for see dat b'ar come back to 'tention on de path, wid' his tongue hangin' out furdur still, an' his body begin tremble for he'll not know what it is he up against, nor how kin he get away. Some peop' may say after de b'ar got well backed op, 'twould be all right for leave him alone an' come back to camp, but den dey was never saw black b'ar rise up

on his hind legs an' come on for swallow you up.

"So, wid every step I'll tak' for-ward to where is de b'ar, de b'ar will be tak' step back, an' I'll guess we go two t'ree mile dat way. I'll be lookin' for man wid a gun, or pack o' dogs for come on an' kip de b'ar busy till I kin de gun git it load up. Seems lak dere's no one leev' 'round there at all, an' I'll told you, Johnny's t'roat mos' near crackin' wid lettin' out dose yells. Plain for see, d'ough, dat lose Johnny an' de b'ar is in de trap, for I'll be fear let de b'ar quit back-in' for git away, an' de b'ar fears stand still an' face dem yells. W'en de b'ar still backin' I'll notice he's got a new kind of look on his face, an' next tam' I'll yell, dat b'ar jess put one hind foot back, an' stand stubborn, jess lak he ain't so skeered de yells as he was. Dat put Johnny t'inkin' mighty quick, for I'd took him furdur an' furdur from town, an' dis was mos' bad place for b'ar git his ginger back again. So de next tam' I'll yell, a good loud one, I'll mak' de worse kin' of face I'll be know how, an' den I'll breathe little slower, for b'ar can't stand dat yell an' dat face bese comin' at him de sam' tam'. He'll tak two, t'ree good long step back, an' so den Johnny knows it's all right, so long's de screeches an' de faces hol out.

"Well, I'll be back dat b'ar t'ree, four mile, an' den as de path curve I'll see it's leadin' back right over de aidge steep clipp' shoot down on de reever, short cut for lumber fel-lers come into de town. One ugly face an' one good yell, an' de b'ar get's nearer de bank. Turnin' his head quick an' bringin' it right back, de b'ar sees what's behin' him, but he's too skeered for do any t'ing, jess kip on backin' ev'ry tam' I'll holler.

"So, back de b'ar go, till he'll be right on de aidge de bank. Den he'll swaller two t'ree tam' an' look up jess lak de dog what's in for a lickin'. No b'ar ever said plainer, 'will you please let me off.' But I'll not be t'ink of lettin' dat b'ar off, remember de way he rose at me on de path.

"One more yell, an' de b'ar's hind feet's slip over de bank. But he don't fall. B'ar jess slip down till his head an' shoulders is above de bank, hold-in' on tight wid' his two fore paws, diggin' de nails in de turf.

"Well, den dat's purty hard t'ing for Johnny to do. Dat b'ar jess look up an' plead wid his tongue out, an' his head leetle one side, for not be back no furdur. He'll be look lak' as if I'll let him go dat tam' after backin' him all dat long road, dat he'll be de good b'ar all de tam' after. He'll look lak he's poor inno-cent feller didn't meant no harm, mebbe, an' it's long steep drop down on de stony reever bed, an' mebbe he's got de b'ar family at home waitin' for him.

"Dat's hard job for do it, but John-ny t'ink dere's not'ing in dat gun, an' it's mos' fine luck de steep bank come along as she did.

"So, me, I'll tak' one more long step toward where de b'ar is hang on, an' send a fierce whoop right be-tween de two eyes. De ears drop back, an' as de b'ar show de whites of his eyes, he'll let go de bank, an' drop, an' as he does dat I t'ink I'll see look on his face lak he say 'you was murder your own brudder for ten franc'.

"Den I'll jump to de aidge an' look over. De b'ar has roll hisself in a tight ball, an' is plugin' down, humpin' de pieces of bank, trees an' stones, till—splash—he strike de re-ever. Hain't nev' see no b'ar swim faster over de river dan dat. Den, on de oder bank, he'll scoot lak lightnin' into de bush, an' Johnny come back to town."

### BUFFALO MOTHS.

Toronto is infested with the very destructive pest known as the Buffalo Moth. Ladies will be pleased to know that "Cooper-Ford Buffalo Moth Exterminator" will absolutely rid the home of these insects.



Bertie.—"Well, mother, I don't care what you say. I think she's a regular brick."  
Mother.—"Very likely. She certainly seems to be throwing herself at somebody's head."—Punch.

## Some Wild Animal Stories

Extraordinary Experiences of Hunters and Interesting Incidents of Recent Occurrence in Canada.

A NOVEL way to tame a bear has just been discovered, according to a despatch from Grand Forks, B. C. Peter Santure, a hotelkeeper at Franklin City, has been in the habit of going fishing every day recently on the North Fork of Kettle river, which stream at that particu-lar point is only fifty feet in width.

A few days ago Santure was quietly fishing as usual, when all at once there appeared directly opposite him an immense black bear, which was about to enter the stream, and was starting directly for the fisher-man. Not having any firearms or wea-pons of any kind, Santure realized his dangerous position, as he was a mile from help, until at once a bright thought struck him.

He took a fine speckled trout which he had just caught and flung it across the narrow stream to the bear, which at once abandoned its attempt to cross the stream and commenced to eat the fish. Before the bear had finished eating the fish Santure had caught a second fish, which he flung across to the bear. Owing to the ex-cellent fishing in the river he was able to do this for almost an hour, dur-ing which the bear had eaten a dozen fine brook trout.

At this juncture several prospect-ors came along, and an attempt was made to attack the bear, when it was found that bruin had entirely chang-ed his demeanor, and was friendly, making no signs of fight. He be-came as playful as a kitten, much to the astonishment of the prospect-ors.

It is said the bear has become a pet in the camp. It is undoubtedly solely due to the presence of mind of Santure, in throwing the fish to the bear that an encounter with bruin was averted.

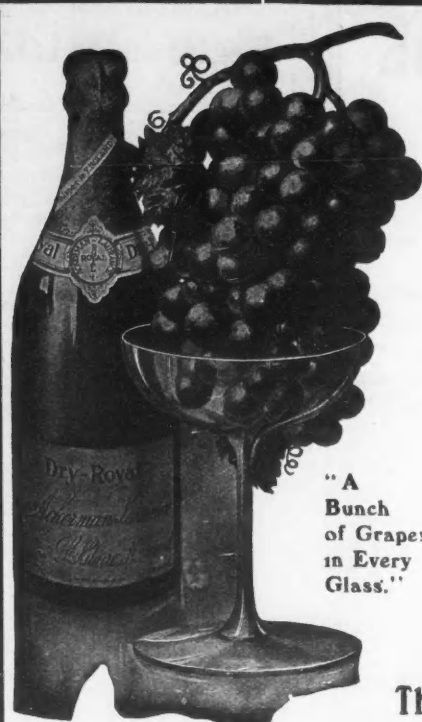
Here is an occurrence reported by the Fredericton Gleaner: Every day or so reports are received as to the prevalence of moose and deer near settlements and in some cases in close proximity to the city. Yesterday while Mr. J. Fred Payne and Mr. Arthur Glasier were driving to the city and in front of Walter Boyce's place, just two miles from the city hall, a fawn ran out of the bushes between the road and the river and followed their team for over one hundred yards. The pretty little creature came so close that its nose almost touched the wagon and when they stopped just stepped into the ditch at the side of the road. Mr. Glasier got out of the wagon and was so close that he could almost touch the spotted beauty, but even then it made no effort to run away but would not allow him to come close enough to touch it.

Mr. Payne and Mr. Glasier drove away, leaving the little one smelling along the fence in front of Mr. Boyce's orchard.

Mrs. Joseph Bergeron, of Port Ar-thur, who during the summer resides with her husband at their farm near Ouimet, had a most thrilling experi-ence with a lynx on Sunday of last week. Mrs. Bergeron was perform-ing her usual morning round of duties when she was suddenly attacked by a large lynx, which rushed at her viciously. She seized a club and suc-ceeded in beating the animal off for a time, meantime making her way to the farm house which as soon as she reached she ran inside and secured her husband's rifle and returning to the yard, killed the animal with the first shot. Mrs. Bergeron escaped with almost no injury, but had her dress considerably torn by the vicious animal. She is said to be an excellent shot with the rifle and her exploit in killing the lynx under the circumstan-ces would indicate that she is a nervy woman as well.

The News of Nelson, B.C., reports: P. Gibson, a professional hunter and trapper on Arrow lake, has just had a narrow escape from a bear. Seeing some fresh bear tracks up a creek behind Brooklyn he peered into the thick brush, rifle in hand. A bear rushed out, knocked the rifle out of the hunter's hand, the latter then run-ning for life to the nearest possible tree, up which he swarmed and there was kept for the next two hours.

James K. Cornwall, of Edmonton, Alberta, returned a week ago from a two months' trip to the northern country beyond Athabasca Landing. Mr. Cornwall was on a trip along the proposed route of the Edmonton and Fort McMurray railway line for the purpose of studying the topographical features of the route and prospect-ing for the timber and ballast. He



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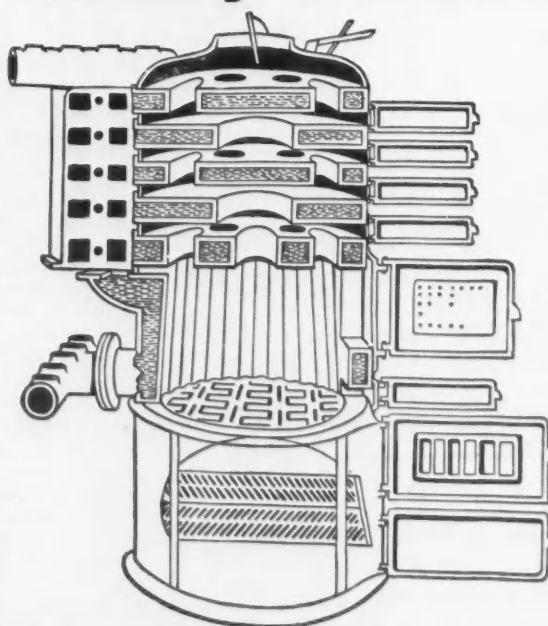
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says that there are no engineering difficulties to contend with in project-ing the road, and that all the material except the steel can be obtained at convenient and accessible distances along the entire route. The portion of the country traversed was from Fort McMurray to Lac la Biche,

thence across country to Athabasca Landing. Mr. Cornwall states that the wolves are certainly devastating and causing inestimable loss among the settlers of the Upper Peace river dis-trict. At Dunvegan and Fort St. John over \$25,000 worth of horses

have been killed by the wolves. Mr. Cornwall says that something dras-tic must be done at once to save the live stock of the district. The fur catch, says Mr. Cornwall, was not large this year, owing to the fact that the lynx and rabbits are scarce. This occurs in regular cycles.



## THE QUEEN'S ROYAL

### NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE CANADA

A delightfully situated up-to-date hotel with more attractions than any other resort in Canada. Tennis Tournament the week of August 26. Golf Course in excellent condition. Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, Garage. Distilled water free of charge.

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Lakeview Hotel, \$2.50 a day—Park House, \$1.50 a day. Reduced rates for longer periods—For booklet and hotel accommodation, write J. E. LESLIE, Manager of the

Grimsby Park Co.'s Hotels, Grimsby Park, Ont.

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### Lake Huron Beach

### Sarnia, Canada.

Open July 1, 1907

New Building, New Furnishings, New Everything. Magnificent Bathing Beach safe for smallest child. Boating, Fishing, Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Dancing, etc., Music during luncheon and dinner hours. Electric lights, and all modern improvements.

Rooms with and without bath, single and en suite. Rates from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day; \$12.00 to \$17.50 per week. Several new cottages to rent. For information write to Lake Huron Hotel Co., Sarnia, Canada.



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Phone, Main 5006-5179.

## Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening was one of the largest of the season. Many of the officers came over from Fort Niagara and many people coming from Buffalo and Toronto to spend the holiday. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkover, the Misses Foy, Mr. Willie Ince, Mrs. Seagram, Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Miss McGill, Mr. McGee, Miss L. Ford, Mr. Rutherford Ford, Miss G. Warren, Mr. G. Ince, Miss Violet Edwards, Mr. Dexter Rumsey, Mr. Jim Foy, Mrs. Watters, Miss Fleischman, Mr. C. Montizambert, Mr. McKenzie, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Phillips, Mrs. McLean, Miss McLean, Miss Beddow, Dr. Sugg, Mr. Moncrieff, Miss Edith Heward, Dr. Snell, Miss Lansing, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Miller, Miss H. Silverthorne, Mr. Jackson and many others.

A mixed foursome was played on the Queen's Royal links on Saturday. Handsome copper cups were presented by Mr. L. T. Barnard, of Buffalo, Mrs. Burritt and Mr. Kirkover, tied for first place with Miss H. Scott and Mr. Edward Greiner. Another nine had to be played, the former couple doing the course in 38 (the men's bogey), which is a new record for a mixed foursome.

Mrs. Mossom Boyd has returned to town after spending several weeks at home in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston arrived in town on Friday to spend the week end at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. and Mrs. Meadows took a party to Hamilton in their handsome new automobile on Sunday and they found the roads in fine condition.

Mrs. Andrew Smith and Mrs. A. P. Burritt arrived on Thursday, Mrs. Burritt bringing Dr. Smith over in the automobile on Saturday.

Mrs. Willie Ince and her young son spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

The paper ball which takes place in the Queen's Royal casino on Thursday, Aug. 15, promises to be one of the events of the season. The young people are already hard at work each one trying for the prize which is to be presented for the most artistic costume.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry and family are at the Queen's Royal. Their handsome six cylinder Napier contributes largely to their pleasure and that of their friends.

Miss Edith Heward, of Toronto, who has been spending several months in the States and Montreal, has arrived in town to spend the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Jack MacKellar and Master Strath MacKellar are at the Queen's Royal for August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock are at the Queen's Royal for a couple of weeks.

Miss Mary Garrett and Miss Florence Heward played off the finals on Friday, Aug. 2, for the prizes given by Mr. W. K. Jackson, president of the Niagara Golf Club, resulting in a win for Miss Garrett.

Many of the yachts taking part in the regatta at St. Catharines sailed in here on Sunday morning, remaining until Monday, when they started at 9.30 o'clock to race to Olcott.

One of the most amusing mixed foursomes of the season was played Monday morning on the Queen's Royal links. The men were handicapped by having to wear ladies' costumes and only being allowed one golf club. Shouts of laughter greeted the men when they came on the links. The exciting match resulted in a tie.

Bridge has as many devotees as golf among the guests of the Queen's Royal. Friday is known as the Bridge evening and each week adds new enthusiasm to the already large number of experts. Mrs. Meadows of Buffalo, entertained at Bridge on Tuesday evening in honor of her guests from Cincinnati. Dr. and Mrs. Crawford contributed in the same way to the enjoyment of their friends on Thursday night. Handsome prizes were presented for the highest score at each table.

MARCELL.

## Social and Personal

R. and Mrs. Harold Ashton Richardson, of California, sail this week on the Empress of Ireland for England, to remain abroad a year. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson will take a house near London through the autumn, and spend the winter months on the Riviera.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Sutherland announce the engagement of their second daughter, Mary Ida Helen, to Mr. Howard W. McLean, barrister, of Calgary, Alta. The marriage will take place early in September.

Miss Amy Ross, of Detroit, is spending a month with friends in Rosedale.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dafoe, Nanawee, to Mr. Coleen F. Stewart, third son of Mr. C. F. Stewart, Whitby. The marriage will take place early in September.

Mrs. S. Agnew, Belfast, Ireland, who, with her nephew Mr. W. J. Roulston, Brooklyn, New York, has been visiting this city, intends making a tour through Muskoka, and is taking in the Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls and Atlantic City before returning to New York.

Mrs. J. C. Wetherald and Miss Josie Wetherald of Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert M. Wetherald of Long Branch, Mrs. Alfred Telfer, of Mimico and Mrs. E. A. Miles and Sidney Miles, Ottawa, are visiting Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, at Tigh-Na-Braich, her summer home. Mr. McKinnon has returned to England and is very much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ferguson, of Brandon, Manitoba, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Roblin, 325 Palmerston boulevard, this week on their way home from a European trip.

The following Toronto people were at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, during the week: Mr. and Mrs. Alex. W. Burgess, Mr. L. D. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman and Miss Heintzman, Mr. W. S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Booth, Dr. A. Orr Hastings and Mrs. Hastings, and party; Miss Ethel Booth, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh, Miss MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. J. J. Smart and party, Miss F. W. Webb and party, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Miss Mabel Deeks, Mrs. Harold B. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boeckh, Mr. Hugh W. Murray, Mr. J. Kynoch, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Miss Marjorie Brouse and Eldridge B. Brouse, Mr. W. H. Davenport Brouse, Mr. O. Kleiser, Mr. R. White, Mr. H. G. Acres, Mr. F. G. B. Allen, Mr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Hargraff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mr. A. H. Royce, Mr. Norman A. Wylie, Mr. J. W. McColl, Mr. Walter F. Berkshaw, Messrs. John Northway and W. E. Northway, Mr. W. P. T. Johnson, Mr. D. A. Campbell, Mr. John C. Boeckh, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Johnston, Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Hahn, Mr. C. A. Lingham, Mr. P. C. Larkin, Mr. S. W. McMichael, Mr. Robert Jaffray, Mr. P. W. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small.

Among the many Torontonians who have recently registered at Hotel Brant, Burlington, Ont., are: Edward Gurney, W. C. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langley, H. Polson, M. Morine, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Carman, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crow, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beatty, W. H. Browne and family, Dr. Vaux, Father Kelly, J. L. Mitchell, J. C. Curry and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Osler Wade, D. D. Cary, Mr. and Mrs. E. Scheur, E. B. Ryckman, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, T. H. Potts, E. J. Lennon and family, A. F. Rutter, G. C. Temple, Fred. Corey, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara, Dr. M. P. Ford, Mr. H. C. Hammond, Mr. S. Bogert and wife, Geo. H. Summers, R. Y. Eaton, W. J. Banon, Jess. Applegath and wife, A. A. Hassan, Dr. Smith, Mrs. M. Sweetnam, Miss A. E. Sweetnam, Geo. B. Sweetnam, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small.

Although the British War Department has moved into new premises, it has apparently not outgrown the passion for unreasoning routine for which it was famous in the old days. Devoted to the use of the press to witness the unveiling of the Cambridge Memorial recently were three rooms, adjoining one another.

It happened that a journalist wished to go from room No. 104 to No. 105, and the distance being a matter of a few steps, he thought the journey might easily be accomplished. The sanguine view dissolved when he discovered a messenger guarding an imaginary line in the corridor across which a notice was extended announcing "No thoroughfare." In the course of an hour or so the King and Queen and some of the royal family were supposed to come that way, and so the notice had been put up.

Still, as the messenger courteously explained, it was quite possible to get to No. 105. A guide was summoned—the new war office is not so large that a staff of guides is necessary—and he conducted the journalist along a quarter of a mile of passages until he found himself opposite the door of room 105, next to the room which he had left when he set out on his travels. The return journey was accomplished by stepping over the imaginary barrier, though the messenger seemed rather doubtful as to whether this should be done without a special permit from the Secretary of State. One is almost pained to know that the War Office's motto is not "Vestigia nulla retrorsum."—London Daily Chronicle.

### The Labor Question.

Old Money Bags was striving And thinking day and night, Concocting plans and scheming, And making things go right. At daybreak he was stirring, At midnight went to bed, For eighteen months daily He labored with his head.

Seven days a week he labored, With scanty time for sleep, His mighty undertaking In rhythmic swing to keep. And while he thus was toiling In this incessant way, His workmen struck, demanding Of him an eight hour day.

—From the Somerville Journal.

Mistress—Mary, have you any rooted objections to using a feather duster? This room looks as if you had. Maid—Yes, mum, I have. I belongs to the Audubon Society.—Harper's Weekly.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

#### BIRTHS.

SMITH—On July 29, 1907, at 149 Collier street, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald W. Smith, a son.

HUDSON—On Aug. 6, to Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Hudson, a daughter. DICKSON—Toronto, on Aug. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond A. Dickson, a daughter.

EVENS—Belleville, on Aug. 3, the wife of J. W. Evens, M.E., a son.

PERRY—Fergus, on Aug. 3, the wife of Peter Perry, M.A., of a son.

CAMPBELL—Hamilton, on July 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden Campbell, a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

MARLING-MUIR—On the 20th July, 1907, at St. Saviours, St. Georges' Square, London, S.W., England, by the Reverend C. S. Selby-Hall, Percy Rankin Macdonald, elder son of Percy Marling, Montreal, to Ethel, youngest daughter of the late J. A. Muir, Kensington, London W., England.

BARTON-JONES—At Victoria, B. C., on July 31, Rev. Wm. Barton, M.A., to Nellie Campbell, daughter of the late Owen Jones, C.E., of Toronto.

MACKIE-ALLAN—Toronto, Aug. 7, Jean Bryson, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham Allan, of Toronto, to Mr. Selley J. Mackie, of Kingston, Jamaica.

MCCARTNEY-SPARLING—Toronto, Aug. 6, Dr. William Craven McCartney, Ottawa, to Harriet Emily Sparling, Toronto.

MATHIESON-LIGHTBOUND—Montreal, on Aug. 5, Donald Milner Mathieson, to Constance Elmenhorst Lightbound.

MULLEN-McFAUL—At Los Angeles, on July 30, Grace Ellen McFaul, to James G. Mullen.

SPENCER-BRONSDON—Toronto, Aug. 6, Edward Albert Spencer, Brandon, Man., to Edith Gertrude Bronsdon.

#### DEATHS.

HODGSON—At East Berlin, Conn., on Aug. 2, 1907, Janet Louise, wife of T. C. Hodgson, M.D., formerly of Beeton, Ont.

BROWN—At Saginaw, Mich., Aug. 6, Rev. Geo. Brown, late of Parkdale.

BETHUNE—In Montreal, Aug. 6, Emily, widow of the late Geo. S. C. Bethune, of Toronto.

SANDERSON—At St. Mary's, Aug. 5, Agnes McIntyre, widow of the late John Sanderson.

Filtered by nature—  
re-filtered by science  
—carbonated with purified gas  
—there is no water so refreshing and zestful to mix with spirits. Quenches thirst in a wholesome way; improves the flavor of liquors; does the stomach good.

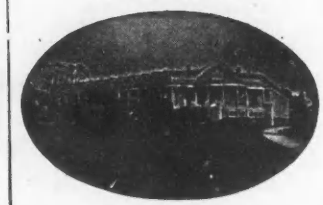
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## NIAGARA FALLS CANADA



## The Clifton Hotel

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**An Unlucky Rehearsal**  
 (Concluded from page 9.)

at this sort of thing, I know. Miss Allnut was good enough to rehearse with me this afternoon in the library, but she couldn't help laughing at me. I can't seem to get into it, somehow."

"I say, look here," said Scott, turning round eagerly. "There's your friend, Mr. Crawford—he's a dab at acting, you say. Perhaps he would take this part. Pitcher's quite as much as I can manage comfortably. Would you mind, Mr. Crawford?" he added. "I can assure you that I should take it as a special favor," he declared earnestly.

Miss Allnut drew herself up and frowned, but she caught a sudden appealing glance from Gordon Crawford and was silent.

"I shall be very happy indeed," he assented. "If Mr. Scott really wishes it."

"That's capital," pronounced Dudley, rubbing his hands with pleasure. "Here, Gordon, take my book and read your part over with Miss Allnut, while we go through the other farce. Other end of the room, please, ladies and gentlemen, for the 'Area Belle.'"

Miss Allnut looked almost inclined to follow them, but she thought better of it.

"Your part begins here, Mr. Crawford," she said coldly, showing him the book. "I think you had better learn it first, and we can rehearse to-morrow."

"I think we'll follow Dudley's suggestion, if you don't mind," he objected. "This is my first speech, is it?" Thanks.

"Maud, I have come to ask you to be my wife. I—Oh, bother the book!" he exclaimed, softly throwing it down, and glancing across the room to where the others stood in a little knot, busy rehearsing their farce. "Edith, I came down here to tell you something that I had not told you in the summer. I was coming to you in the library this afternoon, and I saw you rehearsing with that fellow Scott. I didn't know anything about these theatricals, and—"

"And you thought he was mixing love to me," she said, with a quiet, happy smile parting her lips. "Exactly!"

"And that's why you've been so horrid ever since you came," with

a sigh of relief. "How ridiculous!"

"Darl—" "I say," cried Dudley, looking round. "I can't hear the words, but the attitude is capital. No one could tell that was acting, Scott, could they?" he continued innocently, and no one could imagine for the moment why it was that Miss Allnut looked so frightfully confused.

The theatricals took place in due course, and were an immense success. Everyone knew his or her part, but the number of rehearsals which Gordon Crawford and Miss Allnut went in for astonished everyone, until an interesting little item of news was confided to Mrs. Carr and spread among the guests. Then everyone understood it at once.

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Redd—See the picture I had taken in my automobile? Greene—Yes. "Natural; don't you think so?" "Very. The machine is standing still."—Yonkers Statesman.

Motorist—I say, I'm awfully sorry! You must let me settle for this, as it was really my fault. What shall I pay you? Irate Farmer—What d'ye usually pay?—Punch.

**An Amphibious Automobile**

THE idea of building a vehicle that should run both on land and in the water seems to have fascinated inventors from very early times. A century ago Oliver Evans made a carriage that crossed Philadelphia from river to river by steam and then paddled off over the water. Such successes as this, however, have resulted in no practical applications. The latest automobile amphibian is that of Ravallier, a Parisian engineer, and the accompanying view taken from L'Automobile, Paris, show that it will really do what is claimed for it. We translate a few descriptive paragraphs from the paper just named. We read:

"Mr. Ravallier has constructed an amphibious automobile, capable of travelling both on dry land and on water. This would evidently be a very convenient method of touring in a region where there are no bridges over the rivers, although we may well ask whether, in such half-civilized places, there would be enough roads to make a journey by automobile possible.

"Evidently this is not generally the case, but there are countries where conditions might be favorable. Have we not read quite recently, in the papers, that an American explorer, preparing an expedition into the polar regions, is planning to take with him combined automobiles and boats that will carry him over the ice as far as it goes, from which point he will proceed by water?"

"At any rate, whether the opportunities offered to the curious machine constructed by Mr. Ravallier are great or small, his boat-carriage is certainly original and built with sufficient ingenuity to deserve a few words of description. The body has in general the form of a boat's hull, but there is a place in it to hold the chains that operate the rear wheels.

"The hull, if we may so call it, is of steel. It is mounted on axles passing through water-tight tubes. The motor is of twenty horse power. It has all the features of an ordinary automobile motor—change of speed, with reversibility, etc. The speed-changing axle is prolonged and operates a gear that runs a screw-propeller at the rear. A rudder, also at the rear, is controlled by the steering-gear.

"When in the water the carriage floats and is operated like an ordin-

ary boat. It may leave the water by means of its motor wheels, if the bank has not a slope of more than 15 per cent. If the inclination is greater than this, the vehicle is drawn out by means of tackle attached to a tree or a rock and operated by means of a small windlass placed in the bow and connected with the motor."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Fishing is a noble sport, for such as have the proper temperament. Nervous, impulsive fishes naturally find it no great fun. Patience and the philosophic calm are requisite to the highest enjoyment of fishing.

Fishing is a dangerous sport; but danger within limits adds a charm. If it were not in some degree dangerous it were not sport.

The appeal is both physical and mental. The powers of body and of mind are at once taxed, and a delightful and salubrious balance of effort induced.

A worm never tastes as sweet as when it has been snatched off a hook and the weakest digestion is not incommoded by it; while getting away after being caught brings an enlargement of spirit such as they who have experienced it include ever among their choicest sensations.

Some sensitive souls object to fishing because of the toilsome part it imposes on the human being at the other end of the tire. This is gone too far. What are these humans being created for if not for our uses?—Puck.

Harold's mother was a devout follower of mental science. The two were crossing a field in the country, and when the lad saw a goat in the distance he shielded himself instinctively behind his parent's skirt.

"Harold, I'm ashamed of you," she told him. "Don't you know there is no such thing as pain and that the goat can't hurt you?"

"Y-yes," he admitted timidly. "I know it, and you know it, but the goat don't know it."—Kansas City Times.

A man of somewhat caustic wit who had been dining sumptuously at the table of a nouveau riche declared to a friend on his homeward way that he felt a new and strange sensation about his heart. "If it isn't indigestion," ventured the friend, "I think it must be gratitude."

**The Berry Picker.**

There are freckles on her chin, And they fence a dimple in, Scattered everywhere in reckless plan,

And they settle on her face With a sweet and winsome grace, As if the mills of God were leaking bran.

There are freckles on her nose— They're the greatest of her woes— The little beauty thinks she is a fright.

But Ah, I love them so! Sweet archipelago— Tan islands dotted softly in a satin sea of white.

Where did she get those speckles That all her fair face freckles? The angels had a colander just full of them, I ween,

And they dusted freckles down, Terra-cotta, tan and brown, When she, poor thing, bareheaded in the berry patch was seen.

But there is not a speck Where her soft hair shades her neck— That pretty neck is white as snow soaked in a cup of cream— And just above her wrist, That the jealous sun hath missed, Her plump, round arm is smooth and white, a poem and a dream!

The darling is a treat. When I tell her she is sweet, She hugs her berry basket and her dainty head lets fall; The warm blood upward rushes, The freckles drown in blushes— Oh! I love my little sweetheart, face and all!

"What can you do?" asked a prosperous merchant, while his keen glance took in every detail of the appearance of a shabbily dressed, slovenly young man who had applied to him for a position. "Most anything, sir," was the reply. "Can you do odd jobs, such as dusting?" "Yes, sir." "Then why didn't you begin on your hat?" The fellow twirled his hat in his dirty hands and remained silent. "Can you clean leather goods?" "Yes, I can do anything in that line." "Then it is sheer carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean. Can you scrub?" persisted the merchant. "Yes." "Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your

strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

The applicant for work turned away, and it is to be hoped profited by the lesson so harshly administered. Shabby clothes are often the badge of necessity rather than of slovenliness, and when this is the case one can have only sympathy for the wearer. In this instance, however, it was clearly the slovenliness of the young man, not his shabbiness, that prejudiced the merchant against him. He may not have been able to afford better clothing, but there could have been no excuse for his soiled linen, muddy shoes, dust-covered hat and coat, and general untidiness.

Neatness is a current coin in business, and the young man or young woman who is regardless of it makes a fatal mistake. Every one carries about with him, in his personal appearance, a letter of recommendation about as good as any written testimony he may present.—Success Magazine.

Temagami, Ont., has been established as an outpost of customs for the examination of baggage under the port of Ottawa. This will undoubtedly prove a great convenience to the ever increasing number of foreign summer visitors to the delightful region to be entered from Temagami. They will now be enabled to send their baggage right through to that station and can in the meantime enjoy themselves with that freedom from trouble which a knowledge that the baggage is all right invariably gives. The experience of travellers in Canada, always pleasant, will receive a material addition from this latest arrangement for their convenience.

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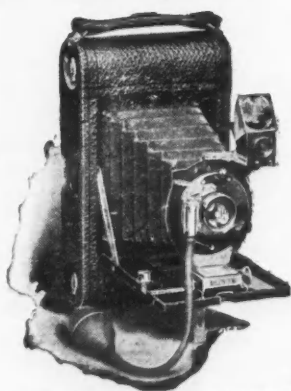
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### The Bucket-Shop : : : : : Evil

A Form of Gambling by Which Many Small Investors Lose Their Savings

Of all the lures that separate the people from their money none is more pernicious than the so-called bucket-shop, says The Saturday Evening Post. This institution is the race-track of the speculative game, and the operator takes the place of the book-maker. He bets against the people who intrust their money to him. In financial phraseology, "bucket-shopping" means, not actually buying stock on order, but paying or receiving the difference in price after the customer has closed the account.

The bucket-shop may operate in stocks, in grain or in cotton, or in any other speculative medium. All money looks alike to it just so it gets it; and it usually gets it.

In the first place, the bucket-shop is simply a gambling-house with all the chances dead against the man who plays in it. The operators beguile the public by calling themselves "brokers," but, as was once remarked, "there is as much difference between a genuine stock-exchange broker and a bucket-shop operator as there is between a national bank and a faro bank." Bucket-shops sail under false colors. They call themselves "Syndicates," and "Exchanges," and "Stock and Commission" brokers. All that the office usually needs is a large amount of advertising, a small amount of space, with a telegraph instrument and a blackboard thrown in for appearances. Yet some have elaborate offices, handsomely appointed. Usually there is a main office with a number of "branches" in other cities.

The bucket-shop aims at the small trader, who is willing to put up from one dollar to fifty dollars at a time. Usually the amounts are small. This is why women are decoyed into playing them. All bucket-shop operations are done on margin, which constitutes one of the great evils of speculation.

There are two ways of operating: buying stock outright, or buying it on margin. When you buy outright you pay the actual cost of the stock, and then you actually own it. When you buy stock in this way it may be regarded as investment, providing you hold it for the income it will yield you. It can thus be used as collateral, too.

But when you buy on margin you play right into the operator's hands. You put up a small amount of money, sometimes ten per cent, of the cost of the stock. This is the actual margin and protects the bucket-shop keeper or broker. If the stock goes up you make a little money, but if the stock goes down (and this seems to be the usual fate of stock bought in the bucket-shops), the broker calls on you for more margin. If you can't furnish more margin you are "wiped out" and lose all that you have put up.

Here is a concrete case: If you bought a share of New York Central and put up ten dollars you would nominally own that stock. If it went down the broker would want more money. If you put up this money you would be "protected" until there was a further change in the market. If the stock declined again you would be called on for still more margin. If you did not furnish this your account would be closed and you would be out every dollar that you had put up.

Right here comes one of the greatest evils of this kind of speculating or gambling. The bucket-shop operator seldom, if ever, buys the actual security. In the case of the share of New York Central stock quoted, it is safe to say that the operator never once thought of actually buying the stock. This is the fact that the player of bucket-shops seldom stops to consider. The bucket-shop operator, in brief, bets against your chances of winning, and he is so sure that you will lose that, perhaps, he doesn't even buy the stock. A man who once bought a share of stock in a bucket-shop astonished the operator by demanding it. He was put off from day to day until the operator could pick one up. Summed up—playing the bucket-shops is betting on prices, and there are usually long odds against the public.

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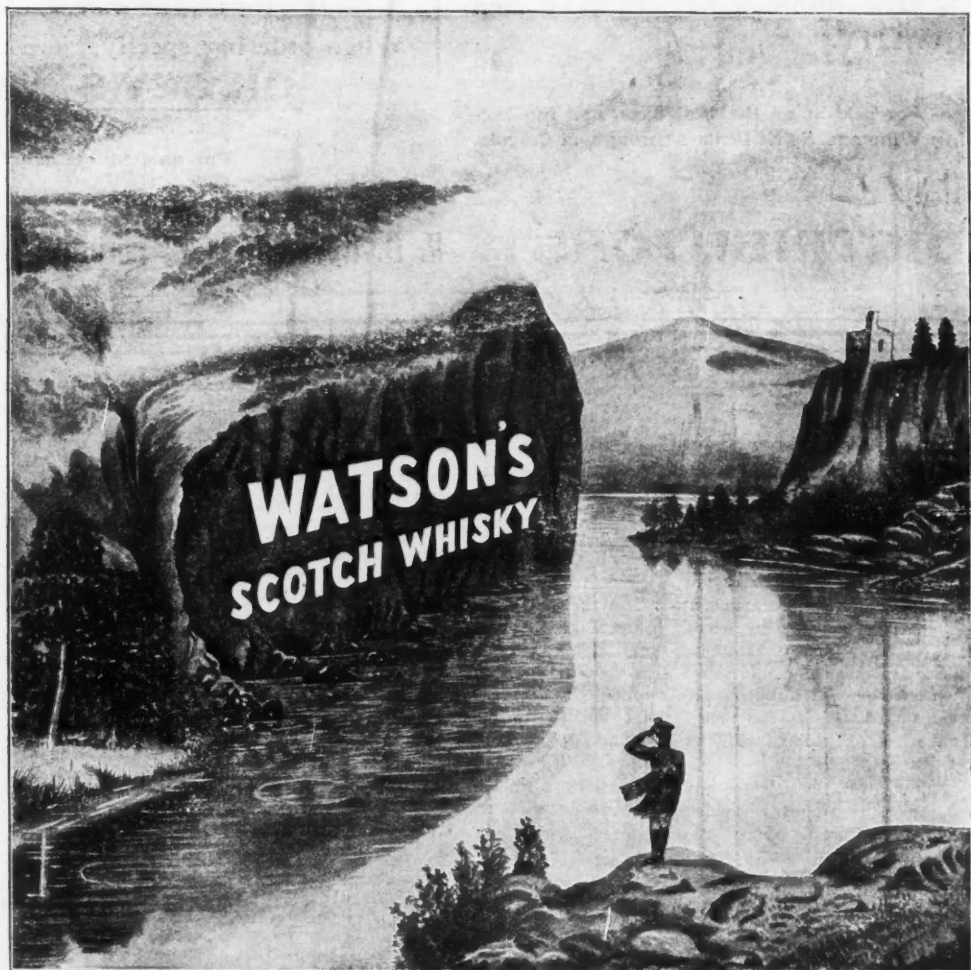
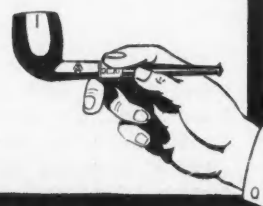


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